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FRESHMAN



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Published by the Rutland High School, Rutland, Vt.

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The Oread

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Editorials

The objects of the Settlement House are many. The main one is to better conditions among foreigners and those over whom poverty and ignorance rule. Subordinate to this are the aims: to teach immigrants to forsake the bad habits which they brought in with them, and which are a source of evil and danger to American citizenship; to promote cleanliness, and a higher moral standard; to serve as a meeting-place for classes of people who would never get together otherwise, and would consequently always be at sword's points; and to promote higher social ideas.

The work is carried on in various ways. Clubs are organized among the people of the lower classes to bring together those who, for widely differing religious views or race hatred, might live side by side in this country and be sworn enemies. A neighborly spirit is developed, and friendship brought about, which is of tremendous importance to America. Sometimes these literary, sewing or cooking clubs meet in the Settlement House, but often they meet in the homes of the club members. The public schools are visited by settlement workers, who then visit the children's homes, and are able to form plans for the benefit of the children, based on the information gained. As a result, open-air schools for small anæmic children have been started, and have proved very successful. The children are placed in rooms where the windows are always open, and, to prevent them from getting cold, Khaki bags are furnished. The homes of such children are visited, and the mothers instructed as to proper food and ventilation. At ten-thirty each morning a two-penny lunch is served, not only to the pre-tubercular children, but to many others. It consists of crackers and soup, or cocoa and a sandwich. These lunches are practically self-supporting, the two pennies paying for the food, and a woman to clean up. They are not meant to take the place of another meal, or to relieve the parents of responsibility, but to give the children something warm, and cheap enough for everyone, and to aid those who do not get

sufficient nourishment at home. They are often the means of bringing better food into the homes. Milk stations help along this line also. Kindergarten work is gaining an important place in the settlements. Through it the little boys and girls are examined physically, and taught educating and instructive games. Of course the law forbids games being played in the street. When there are hundreds of children in dingy tenements, there is very little place for them out-of-doors except the streets, and it has been one of the problems of the social worker to teach children to keep out of the streets. When they cannot play games their superfluous energy in going into some other and more dangerous channel. For these reasons playgrounds are being established wherever it is possible.

Summer work is as necessary as winter, for when the pavements are scorching, and the tenement blocks like ovens, there is likely to be disease, suffering, and a carelessness which is not uplifting. It is impossible to take all the children into the country with the money devoted to that purpose, but excursions are conducted and vacant lots are turned into gardens, where little hands can be busy with pleasant, instructive work, that is healthful. Another experiment is the outdoor drama and pageant. In the summer of nineteen-ten the Elizabeth Peabody House attempted the presentation of Beethoven's "Prometheus" on the Charlesbank Playground. It was the first free, dramatic performance by the neighborhood for the neighborhood people, and was a great success. An orderly, appreciative audience filled the park. Pageants and other wholesome out-of-door recreations or adult and juvenile have been given with success.

It is very evident that the Settlement House is doing a great work for America. It is saving the lives of many future American citizens, by seeing that they are properly fed, clothed, and educated. Its workers live among the poorer people, and when asked what to do to prevent little girls from going on the stage, or what to do about the saloon question, they can answer from what they have seen. Settlement clubs are influencing the young men of the future to vote for the good of the country, to be loyal citizens, to live peaceably with, and respect one another. The whole effect of social work is one of betterment and uplifting of the downtrodden.

Across the Continent

(Continued)

The party, which was starting to see the Upper Geyser Basin, stopped at a point near Old Faithful Inn, to obtain a view of the entire territory. As far as the eye could reach, steam was rising from innumeral craters and springs.

Our guide explained some of the theories concerning the cause of geyser eruptions, and told some facts of historical interest in regard to the discovery of the Basin.

Then, after pointing out the most famous craters, he conducted us across a rustic bridge, and up Geyser Hill to Bee Hive Geyser, the crater of which is much the shape of an old-fashioned bee-hive. It is about four feet high and is of lime-like formation. The eruptions of the Bee Hive are very irregular but are powerful. The tower of water sent up by this geyser is two hundred feet high.

Butterfly Spring next claimed our attention. This boiling pool resembles a butterfly both in shape and color. The clay formation, at the bottom, is of various hues which blend wonderfully.

Near Butterfly Spring are the Teakettle and the Vault, both small boiling springs; also the Pump, an opening in the formation. From this crevice a loud thumping sound issues continually.

Not far away a sign informed us that a small crater, with a few little puffs of steam rising from it, was the powerful Giantess Geyser. During its periods of activity there are shocks, not unlike earthquakes, in the vicinity. The Giantess seems to be connected with many nearby geysers and pools, some of which are emptied when this geyser is erupting.

The Sponge Geyser, visited next, is peculiar because of the porous, yellow formation of the cone.

As we turned to leave this geyser, the guide announced that Old Faithful was starting to erupt. From our viewpoint the display which followed appeared quite different from the eruptions seen from the hotel.

The Ear, a boiling spring near the Sponge, is very appropriately named, for the shape of the pool is strikingly similar to a human ear. The lobe is apparently pierced, and a tiny geyser forms an earring.

The Lion, Lioness and two Cubs occupy a mound not far distant. The Lion is the most powerful of the group but is very irregular. The Lioness and larger Cub, which play simultaneously, are smaller and more regular. The other Cub erupts frequently but plays to a height of only a few feet.

Economic Geyser, a little distance from the path, is unlike any other geyser, for after an eruption all the water which has been expelled flows back into the crater.

The crater of Castle Geyser, situated a quarter of a mile away, appears much like the ruins of a castle. A steam period precedes the eruptions which occur daily.

Handkerchief Pool, Riverside Geyser, and Giant Geyser are in a group a mile away, near the Firehole River.

A handkerchief dropped into the center of Handkerchief Pool will disappear, and then return in a few seconds.

Riverside Geyser is, as the name implies, a geyser on the bank of the Firehole River. If the wind is in the right direction, the geyser plays a stream across the river.

Giant Geyser contends with Excelsior for the rank of "highest in the world." Its eruptions last an hour and a half and the height of the water tower erected by this monster is two hundred fifty feet.

The trail from the Riverside Group to the Inn is through a pine forest.

The fires, in the lobby of the hotel, were more than ever welcome when we returned at four thirty, for a cold wind had risen during the afternoon.

The time before dinner was filled with exploring the Inn.

Soon after eight o'clock the searchlight was thrown on Old Faithful Geyser during an eruption. This spectacle, which is one of the features of the Park, is magnificent. The beauty of the old geyser is impressed, much more firmly than before, upon the tourist.

The sound of popping corn met our ears when we returned to the hotel. Great poppers had been suspended in the fireplaces. Soon huge pans, full of deliciously buttered corn, were passed to the guests.

At eight the following morning we left Old Faithful Inn and the Upper Geyser Basin.

(To be continued)

D. S. S., '14.

The Balkan States of the Past

The idea that the terrible Turk should be crushed by the Balkan nations, so long abused, has seemed absurd to most people. It has been a great war and a very difficult one from which to obtain news. Very few people were able to gain information and those that did found it difficult to transmit it to other places on account of the diligent guard kept over such things.

History is much more than a conflict at arms, as may be seen by the present conflict of words required to make a suitable treaty. The whole world has viewed this war with interest and the European powers have even prepared for a possible continental war of tremendous proportions.

This Balkan war is simply a continuation of the Turk-in-Europe question. To understand fully the present situation one must look back to the time before the Turk came to Europe. There was a city called Byzantium by the Greeks and Constantinople by the Romans. This

city was on the Bosphorus and was named after its founder Constantine and has been the center of the Turkish trouble. This city, inhabited by the Romans, was conquered and inhabited by Slavonic tribes from the region of the Black Sea.

The seventh century marked the coming of the Bulgars who were the ancestors of the present Bulgarians. They were described as a tribe of horsemen who fought their way to Constantinople the same as their descendants have done. They were induced to retreat by the gift of a piece of land between the Danube and the Balkan Mountains.

The land to the west was ruled by the Serfs, and the southern portion by the Greeks.

The Turks, in the twelfth century, brought an end to what is known as the Bulgarian Golden Age, and for two centuries there was intermittent warfare. In the fourteenth century the Bulgarians were conquered.

The Turks are Mohammedans and the people in the surrounding countries are Christians. Each party hates the religion of the other. In early times these clashes were called crusades. The Turks have been the oppressors until 1912, when they were put to rout very unexpectedly by the little Balkan states.

These Balkan states were one by one made independent. Servia, with the aid of Austria, gained her independence in 1817. Then came Herzogovania and Bosnia, but they were both claimed by Hungary. The Greeks were liberated by the help of Europe in 1821, and Bulgaria by Russia in 1876. East Rumelia when freed joined Bulgaria in 1885. Servia was jealous and declared war with Bulgaria, but was beaten.

The Balkan states have constitutional governments and all want more territory. Montenegro, who has never lost her independence, wants some land south of herself, while Servia wants a sea coast. Bulgaria wants part of the land on the Black Sea and Greece wants that land near Salconia. Thus there is to be a use for the whole of Macedonia.

Montenegro was the first to declare war. The Bulgarians bore the heaviest part of the fighting.

The Balkan states, though they did the fighting, are not to be allowed to divide the territory as they please. Some of the cities in this territory are very important and no nation wants any other who is going to be hostile to them to have it. Austria has an idea that she should get part of the gain and Russia opposes her. Thus if Austria should try to force the Balkan states to make her a present, Italy and Germany, the other members of the "Triple Alliance," would help her. Doubtless Russia would help the Balkan states and England and France would help her. Thus a great European fire would be kindled.

The Americans are practically all in favor of the allies both because they are increasing Christian religion and because many of their leaders were educated in an American college, near Constantinople.

For some time it was believed that an empire, like Germany, would be built. But the allies, Greeks especially, have opposed such a plan.

All Freshmen ought to be interested in this war because it has taken place on the battlefields displayed in their studying. On these same fields Greeks, Persians and Romans have fought and fallen. Many of the events of Greek mythology studied in the Freshman year, were supposed to have taken place on these grounds.

C. S., '16.

Odysseus and the Balkan War

Years ago, Odysseus threaded his way among the islands of the Aegean Sea. His ships landed upon the shores which today have suddenly been thrown into prominence. These shores are, in part, the scene of the Balkan War. Little did Odysseus think of what he might have seen had he lived in 1913. In his time, wild waves beating up against beetling cliffs; savage men, ready to slay all comers; large birds and beasts to be seen or heard everywhere, were causes of terror. Today, the shores are covered with harbors and shipping; armies cover the country.

Most wonderful of all, to him, would be the scouting aeroplanes soaring above. To his eyes they would be huge dragons, waiting to swoop down upon their prey.

Near the point on the Hellespont where Odysseus buried his comrade Achilles, are now located large and strong fortifications. These, in unison with a large fleet of warships, protect the region of the Sea of Marmara, including Constantinople. The former Hellespont is now known as the Strait of Dardenelles. The three promentories known as Chalcidice at the time Odysseus passed near them are now a point of contention in the distributions. The island of Crete, whose fate is a part of the present discussion, was the land which the disguised Odysseus represented to Penelope as his home. Odysseus' own home, the island of Ithaca, is just off the coast of Greece. Indeed, many of the places visited by Odysseus in his wanderings can be connected in some way with the present Balkan War.

B. M. M., '16.

The Envoys of Thermopylea

In the darkness, two young men wended their way through the streets of olden Sparta to their rough quarters for the night. The rigid training of their youth had developed in them the characteristic military qualities of their race. Though their age permitted them to take natural interest in the affairs of their country, they had not personal freedom. Their lives would belong to their state as long as their physical ability would permit. The discipline of their youth had taught them to face danger or to endure suffering for their native city as a privilege rather than as a duty.

On the following day the arrival of an envoy from the Congress of Corinth was rumored but the curiosity created by this did not voice itself long among the soldiers for soon came the summons to General Assembly. In silent expectation, Chirisophus and Xenophon, the two young men of the scene of the previous evening, watched the proceedings of this great body. Now a speaker arose and announced the immediate departure of a band of soldiers to hold the Pass of Thermopylea against the predicted invasion of the Persians. Their number would be three hundred and they would collect allies from the neighboring cities as they went. This band was to be the vanguard of a great host to follow after the celebration of the sacred Olympic games. Leonidas, their king, a man of strong character and beloved by all, was to lead the band. Xenophon and Chirisophus were to be numbered in the three hundred. All that spirit of patriotism and adventure, typical of a Spartan, made them proud of their participation in an expedition against barbarian invaders.

With jubilant hearts they said farewell to their admiring friends. After a march of five days the pass was reached. After the arrival of more allies the garrison numbered six thousand. The continuous march through the hills of Hellas had been accomplished with ease by their youthful agility, the result of the training their lawmaker had planned.

As the Persian host drew near a council was called late one afternoon and many were for deserting the pass. But Leonidas heard them only with indignation. One spy reported the number of the invading host as "sufficient to darken the sun by the flight of their arrows." To this, Dieneces, the cheer and counsel of the band, replied, "If the enemy darken the sun we shall have our fight in the shade."

Finally, Leonidas arose and addressed the council.

"Our training and reputation will not, however insufficient our number, permit us to desert the pass to the barbarians and the thought of the desolation they will bring. Our strength is in the control of a strong pass, but should it fail we will have checked the enemy till the Hellas are in arms."

Xenophon sat in meditation by his friend, fully impressed by the occasion. Could not the land of his nativity be saved? Could they hold

the pass? He feared not. They could die and show the enemy what the Hellenes yet at home could do! Must not the homeland be warned?

Darkness now had fallen and Xenophon heard the voice of his commander at his side.

"Trusty Xenophon, I dispatch you to the sacred Olympian festival of Zeus to warn the Hellenes of the invasion and implore aid for our defence. May the gods speed you."

Xenophon parted with his friend with expressions of mingled joy and sadness—joy for his duty and sadness at the parting.

Swiftly, down through the hills of Hellas he sped in the darkness, warning cities in his route. He retained for himself the completion of the mission.

But ere the Hellenes were fully aroused and in action the Pass of Thermopylea had fallen, through the treachery of Ephialtes. Previous to the final and hopeless hand to hand conflict Leonidas dismissed from duty those allies that he deemed unwilling to meet the fate to which he had resolved himself and the faithful Spartans under his absolute authority. Calling Chirisophus he thus spoke: "Go to Attica and the Homeland and tell them of the inevitable fate of the pass."

Later, after Greek fortitude and craftiness had expelled the desolaters, the two friends again met.

"We were but the instruments of the will of Leonidas in saving the people from the desolation of their homes."

"Ay, friend, the Fates have taken from us the part in the eternal stand at the Pass of Thermopylea for Spartan fortitude, but have reserved for us, perhaps, as great glory."

R. F. B., '16.

"O, it's easy enough to look pleasant
When one hasn't cause for regret,
But the man that's worth while
Is the man who can smile,
When his wife is a suffragette."—Ex.

Folk Stories from Our Grandmothers

I. A Night's Terror.

The inhabitants of the small Canadian villages were a very superstitious people. Among the superstitions was one that wicked people turned into animals. At the time my story opens, Frank Jacques, the wicked man of the village, had disappeared. It was believed that he had turned into an animal.

Jean lived in the small village in which Frank Jacques lived, and therefore knew about it. He, too, was a firm believer in ghosts and superstitions. He sat dozing, on this particular afternoon, in the warm, sunny light, with his dog beside him. He had just had a few glasses of cider, which made him more sleepy than ever.

Suddenly, he remembered that only a few pounds of meal remained in the house. He hurried to the barn where he harnessed the horse and filled the wagon with bags of meal. He stopped at the house on the way to the road to notify his wife of his going and to obtain a snack of food to eat on the way back, as he knew it would be late. As he drove off he heard his wife say to a neighbor, "Frank Jacques has disappeared. Most likely he turned into an animal. Good riddance for the village, anyway."

Jean arrived at the mill without mishap. The sun had set; so, to be ready quicker, he helped the miller. He then prepared to start for home. It was now dark, nearly pitch dark. Jean was naturally a brave man, but this darkness made him nervous when he recalled his wife's words.

At last he arrived at a stretch of woods. His ears were strained for the crackle of dead branches which would signify the enemy's approach. Once, when a twig crackled louder, sweat broke out on his forehead, for who would not be frightened? These animals imposed impossible duties on wayfarers after dark, and if these duties were not done, woe for the unfortunate man! Jean traveled thus for ten minutes, which seemed ages to him, when he distinctly heard a still louder crackle. Then from the darkness, a huge figure advanced. The hair arose from Jean's head; he receded in his seat. He was trembling like a leaf shaken by a strong wind.

The huge beast advances; Jean recedes still further in his seat; it takes a step; it is but two feet away; another step; Jean can feel its hot breath on his face. Suddenly its huge tongue comes out and licks Jean's face. This is too much. Scream after scream pierces the air; the horse dashes away; and Jean picks himself up from the ground where his dog had thrown him in trying to lick his face.

I. E. G.

II. At the House of the White Lady.

In a certain old town of Ireland, in County Clare, there stands a grim stone house. This old castle-like place stands a little aside from the village and is known as "The house of the White Lady."

This house had many mysterious happenings such as bells ringing in deep sepulchral tones and the piano emitting unearthly music at midnight. These happenings were at the witching hour, you must understand.

It was always a mystery to me, though, how one person could ring bells and play the piano at the same time.

As in all large houses where they entertained largely, they had many servants. This story is about the maid Ellen and the groom's helper, whom we will call Timothy.

Tim was but a boy, and, as is the way with boys (and with young girls, too) laughed and scoffed at the frightened servant-girls when they came down in the morning with their tales of having heard silk rustle and the creaking of slippers on the stairs with nobody visible to claim the sounds.

The girls were heartily tired of hearing Ellen say, "Ara, thin Oi wouldn't be botherin' mesilf with notions sich as ye have. Shure an' Oi've been doon-stairs mesilf miny a mid-night and niver see only me own shadow yit."

So they planned a trick, the victim of which was to be Ellen.

The old woman at the lodge, who was just as much of a girl as any of them, decided to take part in the plot.

In the evening when it was getting dark they suddenly found that they were all out of water and no one seemed to want to go, so Ellen consented to go on the errand.

She picked up her pail and started for the well, which was some little distance from the house. She then filled the pail and started homeward.

As she was nearing a bend in the road something white was coming——— "The White Lady," thought Ellen.

Nearer and nearer it came (if Ellen felt any fear she certainly did not show it). At last it was almost up to her. She set down her pail and waited the onset of the spectre. When it was within arm's length of her, Ellen reached out her hands and gave that ghost such a choking as I hope no ghost ever experienced, or will experience.

She then calmly picked up her pail and returned to the lodge.

Wide-eyed gazes were turned upon her when she arrived at the kitchen, and whispered consultations were heard among the girls.

Ellen said never a word but went quietly on with her work.

The next morning the lodge lady came down to her work in the middle of the morning, looking very tired and worn. She looked at Ellen and said, "Ara, thin, Ellin, I've lived here miny a day but Oi niver got such a dragging as ye gave me last night."

"Thin it was you," said Ellen. "Faith, thin, Oi'm glad I give it ye an' a wonder to Saint Patrick that Oi didn't kill ye. Shure an' what has the loiks ov an auld woman like ye out scharing young girls for?

That was all that was said, but the coach boy had a fine time asking the lodge lady if she had see "The White Lady" recently.

The servant girls predicted a horrible end for

one so free to scorn the warning of the dead, such as they had heard.

One night there was a ball given and this kept all the girls up late, as well as the groom and the coach boy.

When all the guests had left it was late and the boy was the last to return home.

He unlocked the door to his room, lit his candle and prepared for bed. When he went to pull up the bed-covers a long, bony hand, icy-cold, was laid upon his head; it pushed it back on his pillow, not gently either.

The coach-boy never forgot the sleepless night he spent. He left in the morning with a solemn vow never to scoff at ghosts again.

L. E. M., '16.

Original Fables

I. The Sunken Treasure.

An old man who felt his days fast declining called his little son to him one day, saying, "My child, I am going to tell you a great secret. At the bottom of yonder lake are many logs. At the spot marked on this chart is a sunken treasure. Wait until I am dead twenty-five years and on that day, while you are yet a young man, you may search for this treasure. If you look for it before, the logs will keep the secret; if you obey my command they will reward your obedience."

Twenty years later the son, not seeing any reason for delay, searched the lake but found only rubbish, mostly partly decayed logs.

The treasure, enclosed in a sealed pine log, could not be found until the log had sufficiently decayed.

Five years later the young man renewed his search. But in his previous endeavor he had moved the marked log from its original position. So the log kept its secret. M. C. H. '16.

II. The Two Trees.

A maple and a fir tree grew side by side in the forest. One winter day the fir said to the maple, "You are not beautiful like me. Your branches are bare in the winter, whereas mine are beautiful all the year round." The maple said nothing.

In the spring, men came to tap the maple trees, and one of them, pointing to the fir tree said, "I think that we had better cut down that useless fir, to give more room for the maples." So saying, he chopped it down.

As the fir tree was being dragged out of the forest he bitterly moaned, "How foolish of me to boast of my beauty when I had no usefulness to accompany it." G. A. K. '16.

III. Why the Cat Bird is so Curious.

Many, many years ago in Germany there lived a man who went by the name of "Curious Jack." He was thought to be a very poor man, by all who knew him, as he always dressed very shabbily. He was married and had a daughter about ten years of age whose name was Alice. Alice was liked by everyone who knew her. She had many good qualities and in spite of her rags always looked very neat.

One fine, sunshiny day "Curious Jack" started out for a walk with his daughter Alice. They went to a hill not far from their home and "Curious Jack" said, "Last week I saw a boy place a bag in the bushes here and I have kept back my curiosity as long as I can stand it. I must find out what is in this bag."

Alice said, "I would not open it if I were you as it may contain something that will harm us." "Curious Jack" was just about to open the bag when he was changed into a cat-bird by a fairy who was near by, watching him. Alice never knew what became of her father but the fairy made her very rich.

In the cat-bird of today is seen a relic of Jack's curiosity. A. W. '16.

Pupil:—"Generally speaking, High School girls are—"

Prof.:—"Yes, they are."

Pupil:—"Are what?"

Prof.:—"Generally speaking." —Ex.

Three Days in the West

We left Fargo, North Dakota, early in the evening and rolled swiftly out into the flat country toward the west.

By consulting the time-card and by asking questions I found that Glendive, Montana, which was the railroad end of my journey, would be reached at 5 A. M.

I turned in early, thinking to get a good night's rest, but the excitement due to the nearing of my destination caused an almost sleepless night. Dosing fitfully and looking from under the berth curtain into the night, the time passed until the gray dawn commenced to break. Immediately a wonderful sight commenced to unfold. We were in the Bad Lands. Terrible upheavals of nature had wrought the most wonderful forms and shapes to the contour of the land. By the dawning light the country looked like another world, a stage setting for some terrible drama.

After dressing I watched this ever changing scene until passing out of this nightmare of a country we came to Glendive. This little city beside the Yellowstone is the most eastern city in Montana. It is destined to be one of the prosperous western cities as it is in the midst of a fertile country which is daily changing from cattle raising to farming.

As I stepped from the train I unconsciously reached for my camera for before me stood one of the first disappearing sights of the West, a stage coach. A real Concord coach with leather springs. Easterners have seen them in the outfit of our old friend Buffalo Bill. On the box was a yellow haired son of Norway with his foot holding down the brake, and his hands holding the reins over four as clean looking Kentucky horses as you will want to see. After storing away one or two travelers and sundry boxes, with a crack of the long lashed whip the coach rumbled away on its sixty mile trip to Mondax North on the Missouri.

After registering at a comfortable hotel and a bath and breakast, I made known my errand to the hotel man. My luck was with me. "Old Joe Eagey who lives on Fox Creek is in town today and he will be glad to take you out." "How far is it?" "Oh about sixty-five miles more or less," says the hotel man. So after visiting several stores, I at last found Old Joe "buying his three months' store of tobacco." Would he take me out to Fox Creek. "To be sure and glad to. Be at the stable early and we'll get to Brown's horse ranch for supper."

As we rode over the big yellowstone bridge the next morning, I learned why this big stream that flows north along the edge of Montana is so named. The spring flood is on and the water is yellow from the clay which lines the banks. A huge freight raft is loading at the bridge with material for the big irrigation project further north. One follows the river for six miles and then turning sharp to the left our horses scramble up to the next "bench" and I get my first idea of the prairie wind. Always blowing not hard enough to be disagreeable but making conversation rather difficult and the lighting of a pipe almost impossible.

My friend Eagey as I must call him now is an old plainsman he has worked all the way from Texas to the Canadian border. Plain spoken, companiable almost boyish is his interest in you and the outside world. He has settled it on his quarter section own a "bunch" of horses and has quite a bit of money in the bank. Never married, his "shack" is as clean as a Dutch kitchen and his raised biscuit and coffee is delightful. After we had "swapped" our stories I took account of our wagon load. Flour, beans, canned goods, grain, sugar, condensed milk and last but not least a slatted crate holding a rooster. We munched crackers and cheese at midday and late in the afternoon rode into the coral at Browns.

After feeding and watering the horses and our rooster we were welcomed at the bank house by some of the men who happened to be doing home duty. After a good wash we were introduced to the lady of the house and sat down to a satisfying supper. There were ten of us at the table and as we finished each one stacked his dishes together and deposited them in the kitchen sink.

Mrs. Brown would not hear of our sleeping in the bank house and cots were fixed for us in the dining room. After a dreamless sleep and a good breakfast we were on the road once more. We were traveling parallel with the yellowstone and the country was rough. We crossed streams the banks of which were white with alkali.

A Bull snake moved swiftly out of the roadway a big fellow but Joe says perfectly harmless. We pass through a sheep country where hundreds of lambing tents dot the valleys. Those same sheep were nearly destroyed in the terrible storm that passed by a few days after. The country is rugged and covered with volcanic hills, their sides covered with the lava like stone which is colored like a rainbow and is a peril to horsemen on account of its jagged edges, which lie in the grass and trip and bruise the horses feet. Just before night fall we arrive at Eaglys ranch and unload our wagon and get supper.

D. B. '16

Simplified Thought

Boy!
Gun!
Shoot!
Fun!

Gun!
Bust!
Boy!
Dust!

Locals

Reynolds' latest—"Can I go out in my overcoat pocket?"

Miss Thompson thinks the boys of 5th period Mediaeval History class too large for horse play,

$FeS + 2HCl = ? + FeCl_2$ Ask Mr. C.

We wonder if Mr. C. is a detective. If so, he was on the wrong scent 3rd. period. Thursday Dec. 12.

Knowledge of chemistry is a great advantage in some cases—especially Room C.

Miss N.—"Horatio (Canty), don't stand there like a lump on a log."

For advice in selecting presents we refer you to J. J. L. Room A.

Lavallee—"St. Simeon Stylites lived on top of a pole."

Miss R.—"Oh, *you*'re all *right*, Fagan."
Now why did "Fagey" blush?

Miss Button:—"B. Franklin stopped at the house of the man who was later to become his wife."

Miss Rhines:—"Miss Clark, please stop singing; have a little sympathy for the rest of us."

Miss Purden:—"Miss Jasmin, who was Cardinal Woolsey?"

Miss Jasmin:—"He was a man who worked for the king."

Miss Purdon:—"Was he hostler?"

Who is the singer in Room 4? For information, ask Miss Rhines.

Miss Purden:—"Miss Mullen, what do we mean when we say a king is dethroned?"

Miss Mullen:—"He is beheaded."

What and Where Among the Alumni

Anne Hulihan '11, Charles Jones '11, Adelaide Ross '10, Harriett Grandy '11, Florence Butler '11, and Carroll Ross '12, students from Middlebury college spent the Christmas recess with their parents.

Lloyd Aldrich '11, a student at Tufts college spent the holidays with his parents in Rutland.

Marion Ballou '10, and Ruth Chalmers '11, have returned to Holyoke college after the Christmas recess.

Charlotte McGuirk, '11, has returned to Pittsford where she is teaching.

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Vere Filiatrault '10, spent the Christmas holidays with his parents on Church street.

Charles Morse Jr. '12, John Cootey '12, Asa Bloomer '08, Carl Bloomer '11, Arthur Ellis'08, Rollin Wordin '09, Arthur Levy '12, Dwyer Merriam '10, Earl Worden '09, Harry Holden '11, Willard Smith '11, Albert Smith '10, and Ernest Gilbert '11, have returned to U. V. M. after spending the holidays at their homes.
Beulah Wilkinson '12, of Salisbury spent the Christmas vacation in Utica, N. Y. and in Rutland.

Sylva Robinson '10, has returned to Boston where she is a student at the Boston School of Fine Arts.

Gertrude Welsh '10, and Marguerite Lalor '12, assisted in the P. J. Howley store during the holidays.

Belle Hayward '11, has returned to her school in Mt. Holly.

Albert Smith '10, rendered a violin solo and Forence O'Neil '11 sang at the Christmas exercises in the Congregational church in West Rutland.

Gladys Adams '10, Harriett Purdy '10, and Ethel Adams '12, were in New York City during the holidays.

Arthur Lassor '05, of Schenectady spent Christmas with his parents in this city.

Jessie Smith '12, has returned from Proctor.

Jack Moloney '11, Hyman Abraham '12, Robert McCammon '11, and Fred Platt '08, have resumed their studies at Dartmouth college after the holidays.

Fred Stafford '10, a student at Amherst college, spent Christmas with his mother on Main street.

Edward Gosselin '11, and Buell Hascall '11, have returned to New Haven, Ct., where they are students at Yale University.

Helen Martin '11, a student at Simmons college in Boston spent the Christmas vacation in Rutland.

Doris Gardner '11, spent Christmas in Middletown Springs.

William O'Neil '10, from the University of Maryland and Florence O'Neil '11, from the New England Conservatory of Music, spent Christmas with their parents in West Rutland.

Dorothy Sawyer '12, has returned to Bradford academy after spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Miles Sawyer of Center street.

Christine '09, and Dorothy Bigelow '11, students at Oberlin College, spent Christmas in Rutland.

Blanche Sterns '08, has returned from Whitehall where she has been visiting friends.

Beatrice Launier '11, Gale Proctor '10, and Mary Aldrich '10, have resumed their studies in Pratt Institute after the holidays.

Mary Clark '10, has returned to Castleton.

Dorothy Temple '10, was in New York during the Christmas holidays.

Lawrence Jones '12, and Phillip Murdick '12, from Worcester Polytechnic institute spent the Christmas recess with their parents.

Mary Russell '12, has returned to Cuttingsville after a trip to Burlington, Montpelier and Rutland.

Carl Brehmer '10, has been elected manager of the Norwich University hockey team.

Richard Creed and Robert Anthony, both graduates of the Class of 1912 and Freshmen at Norwich University, spent the Christmas vacation with their parents in this city.

Frances Dunn '12, Irene Copps '11, and Mildred Vincent '12, students at Smith college spent the holidays in this city.

Geo. Schmitt ex 1911 has recently recovered from an attack of typhoid fever contracted in Central America where he is flying.

Edward S. Jones 1911, has been elected Most Worthy Chancellor of Gamma Eta Gamma fraternity, Albany Law School.

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The Oread gratefully acknowledges the following exchanges: "The Advance", "Black and Gold", "Blue and Gray", "The Cazenovian", "Granitian", "Hermonite", "The High School Herald", "The High School Recorder", "The Jabberwock", "The Lemon and Black", "L. H. S. Folio", "The Odessaite", "The Odyssey", "The Ogdensburg Academy", "Old Hughes", "The Owl", "The Red and Black", "Round Up", Said and Done", "Searchlight", "Tahoma", "Tolo", Vermont Academy Life", "The Yahara".

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"Tolo"—Your cuts are excellent and all the departments seem complete.

"Old Hughes". The poem "The College Boy" is very well written.

"Round Up".—Why not have a few jokes to enliven your paper?

Professor (absent-mindedly picking up hair brush instead of mirror)—"Gracious, how I need a shave." Ex.

Strange Microbe (to passing brother)—"Say, where are all of you going?"

The Other Microbe—"Why, we are going up to ride on the public roller towel." Ex.

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Business Manager—Geo. Swinnerton, Rutland, Vt.
Publisher—Rutland High School, Rutland, Vt.

Signed,
George A. Swinnerton, Business Mgr.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this Sixteenth day of December, 1912.

F. G. Swinnerton,
[Seal] Notary Public.

Commission expires Nov. 30, 1914.

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The Oread



The Soph.

Published by the Rutland High School, Rutland, Vt.

February, 1913

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The Oread

VOL. VII. FEBRUARY, 1913. No. 5.

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Editorials

The origin of the observances of St. Valentine's Day is obscure. The saint himself was a priest at Rome, and does not appear to have had anything to do with this celebration, except for his day being used for the purpose. But it is probable that the celebration originated from the festival of the Lupercalia. Mr. Douce in his "Illustrations of Shakespeare" says, "It was the practice in ancient Rome during a greater part of the month of February to celebrate the Lupercalia, which were feasts in honor of Pan and Juno, where the latter deity was called Februata. On these occasions, amidst a variety of ceremonies, the names of young women were put into a box from which they were drawn by men as chance directed. The pastors of the early Christian Church, who, by every possible means, endeavored to eradicate the vestige of pagan superstition, and chiefly by some commutation of their forms, substituted in the present instance the names of particular saints instead of those of women; and as the festival of Lupercalia had commenced about the middle of February, they appear to have chosen St. Valentine's Day for celebrating the new feast, because it occurred nearly at the same time."

This celebration gradually died out, until in early England we find the custom of drawing in a kind of lottery, followed by ceremonies somewhat similar to the game of forfeits. Misson, who was a learned traveler of the early part of the eighteenth century, says that in England and Scotland the celebration was much the same. On the eve of St. Valentine's Day, the young people held a festival, at which each one wrote his name on a piece of paper, and the papers were drawn by lot. The partners thus obtained took part in the ceremonies that followed. About the time of Charles II, anyone was liable to be chosen as a valentine and a gift was invariably given to the choosing party; often these were expensive gifts such as jewelry.

The custom of celebrating this day has almost entirely passed out, although it is still observed in a small way by children in some parts of the country.

Across the Continent

(Continued.)

The drive of nineteen miles was filled with interesting scenery.

Kepler Cascades, a mile and a half from the Inn, are quite picturesque. A dark forest on each side adds much to the beauty of the one hundred fifty foot waterfall.

After crossing the Madison River three times, the road ascends gradually to the Continental Divide. Here is a small pond which has two outlets, one to the east, the other to the west.

From Shoshone Point, a few miles farther on, a wonderful view is seen. Beyond the beautiful valley, in the foreground, lies Shoshone Lake. The three snow-capped "Sentinels" of the Teton Mountains, fifty miles away, may be seen on a clear day.

The drive from Shoshone Point to Thumb Bay in Yellowstone Lake is through a dense forest. Many strange animals and birds were seen near the road.

After several glimpses of Yellowstone Lake a sudden turn in the road brought us to the Thumb Bay Lunch Station on the west shore of the lake. A delicious lunch awaited us.

There are several paint pots and boiling springs in the vicinity, but the Fishing Cone attracts the most attention. This is a boiling spring in a cone which projects above the cold water of the lake, a few feet from shore. Fishermen used to catch fish and boil them without removing them from the lines. This is now forbidden by law.

The tourist may choose between a launch and the coaches for his afternoon trip to Lake Hotel. The former is popular, since it affords a pleasant change, but the latter is considered the more interesting.

Yellowstone Lake is the next largest lake in the world at an altitude of over seven thousand feet. This beautiful body of water, which is twenty miles wide, is of unknown depth.

The Absaroka Range of snow-capped mountains rise from the water's edge on the southern shore, and can be plainly seen in clear weather, during the entire afternoon drive.

The Sleeping Giant, a profile formed by several mountain peaks of a range in the east, can be seen from one point.

At four o'clock we reached the great colonial structure called the Lake Hotel. This large building was one of the first hotels erected in the Park. It is delightfully situated, about two hundred rods from the lake shore.

Soon after our arrival it was rumored that there were some bears a short distance from the hotel.

After a short walk in the pine woods back of the hotel we found a clearing in which seven black bears were walking about. This number was rapidly increased until, with the arrival of a huge cinnamon, there were seventeen.

It was very amusing to watch them retreat at the approach of the largest black bear. They seemed to acknowledge his superiority.

At our return to the hotel we were greeted by the party who had chosen the launch ride. They were quite enthusiastic concerning the beauties of the lake.

After dinner, the feature of which was lake trout, an impromptu dance was held in a corner of the lobby.

We left the Lake Hotel at eight the following morning to drive to Canyon Hotel, near the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone River. The trip is through a territory entirely unlike any seen before in the Park.

We drove along the shore of the lake for a short distance, then entered a dense pine forest. The beautiful fern growth, for which the Park is famous, was here abundant. Wherever there was a little open space, by the road side, beautiful wild flowers made a brilliant spectacle. Red, blue, yellow, purple and white were all harmoniously blended to form a wonderful display of color.

After a few miles in the forest we entered the valley of the Yellowstone River, and soon after reached Mud Volcano and the Green Gable Spring.

The former is a great hole in the side of a cliff from which quantities of boiling gray mud are expelled frequently. A roaring sound accompanies these activities.

Green Gable Spring, a few rods away, is one of the little gems of the Park. A gable shaped roof of wonderful green coloring projects over a small boiling pool, the bottom and sides of which are also green.

Soon after resuming our drive we entered the Hayden Valley, the largest and most beautiful valley in the Park. It was named for Lieutenant Hayden, who was instrumental in having the Park opened to tourists.

The low rolling hills in the valleys have no vegetation except a coarse grass and are in striking contrast to the Rockies in the distance.

Numerous little streams have cut their way through the valley to join the Yellowstone, which flows majestically through the center. We wound along the bank of this great river for ten miles to the rapids and Upper Falls. In the course of the drive the valley was left, and we went through a narrow pass, where the rapids are situated.

A few rods farther on are the Upper Falls, one hundred eighteen feet high. Rustic steps lead from the road to a platform above the Falls, which affords an excellent view point. The gorge below the Falls is very picturesque. The steep sides are dark, red rock, partially covered with moss.

The drive from the Upper Falls to the Grand Canyon Hotel is along the gorge for a mile then a short climb. As we approached the magnificent structure which resembled the pictures we had seen, it seemed impossible that we were in the midst of the Rocky Mountains, fifty miles from a railroad, for there stood an immense building of "Arts and Crafts" construction.

The Grand Canyon Hotel was erected in nineteen hundred ten and eleven. It is five stories high, and the distance around it is one and one eighth miles. There are accommodation for five hundred guests. Elevators, electric lights, and a room telephone service make it seem very similar to a Metropolitan Hostelry.

The lounge, a room one hundred seventy five feet long, and eighty four feet wide, reached from the lobby by broad stair cases, is a distinctive feature. The waxed floor makes it an ideal place for dancing, and every convenience for a concert is afforded. A great fire-place gives added charm.

The lobby is also very attractive. The lights are enclosed in small lanterns. Little writing tables are at every hand. Telegraph and long distance telephone may be found at an information bureau near the entrance.

The large dining-room is perfectly appointed. The indirect lighting system employed, furnishes a soft, beautiful light.

The Canyon Art Store is one of the features of the Hotel. It is in a large room off the lobby. Many souvenirs are there displayed, and some specimens of rocks about the Park form an interesting collection.

Immediately after our arrival at the Hotel arrangements were made for the afternoon trip to the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone River, less than half a mile away.

After lunch we started, some walking, some in carriages. The woods are so dense near the edge of the Canyon that it is impossible to see more than a few rods ahead. For this reason we were wholly unprepared for the panorama which lay before us as we found ourselves at the edge of the great chasm. We were at a point an eighth of a mile below the Great Falls which we could not yet see.

Anyone who has stood on the edge of a canyon will realize how impossible a description is. Many have attempted it and failed. Therefore a few facts must suffice.

The Canyon of the Yellowstone is two thousand feet wide, twelve hundred feet deep and twenty miles long. The tourist generally sees about six miles, which include the most interesting and wonderful scenery.

The predominating colors of the rock are

red and yellow, but white, gray, brown, green, lavender and black are all prominent.

The gorge below the Upper Falls continues to the Lower Falls where it merges into the Canyon.

We drove along the Canyon to Grand View Point, where a platform has been built. Leaving the carriages we walked cautiously out to this vantage point and caught our first glimpse of the Lower Falls. The volume of water of this Fall is said to be half as great as that of the American Falls at Niagara. The height is three hundred feet.

A four mile drive brought us to Inspiration Point. As we stood on a platform so placed that it is possible to look almost straight down to the little white thread, which the great Yellowstone resembles here, we judged the name truly appropriate.

The beautiful Falls far away, the riotous, but nevertheless harmonious, blending of color displayed in the jagged rocks which form the side of the Canyon, and the rushing river, all served to make a magnificent spectacle.

When nearing Grand View Point on the return drive the sun was just disappearing behind the hills on the opposite side of the Canyon. We went out on the Point again to see the change which the subdued light would make.

Of twilight in the Canyon Kipling says, "Evening crept through the pines that shadowed us, but the full glory of the day flamed in the Canyon as we went very cautiously to a jutting piece of rock—blood red or pink it was—that overhung the deepest deeps of all. Now I know what it is to sit enthroned amid the clouds of sunset."

The rest of the drive was silent. We felt as if under a spell produced by a fairy from the beatiful stories so dear to childhood.

But gayety soon returned, and in the evening merriment reigned at a dance in the lounge.

A heavy storm made it impossible to go out the next morning. Story-telling and letter-writing filled the time before lunch.

By two the storm had passed and carriages arrived to take us to Artist's Point across the Canyon.

We drove by the Upper Falls, across a concrete bridge, just above them, and along the west side of the Canyon to our destination.

Artist's Point was thus named because Thomas Moran chose this place to paint his wonderful picture of the Canyon and Lower Falls, which now hangs in the Capitol at Washington. This is the most famous picture ever painted of the Yellowstone Canyon.

The great magnificence of the Canyon from Artist's Point leaves the tourist almost breathless, in a silence so profound that it seems oppressive. Then, if never before, we realized the utter inadequacy of words.

We returned to the Hotel in time for dinner. A delightful concert was enjoyed during the evening.

The next day, Monday, was to be our last in this "Wonderland of America." We were called early and with regrets and many backward glances, left the Canyon Hotel. The twelve mile drive to Norris Geyser Basin was through dense pine forests. During the drive we passed through a heavy snow storm.

The Virginia Cascades three miles from Norris are beautiful and picturesque.

With our arrival at Norris we completed the circuit of the Park. After a stop of an hour for luncheon we left for the twenty mile drive to Mammoth Hot Springs.

Great piles of mail awaited us and excitement prevailed as each attempted to tell the others of his news from home.

After a short stop at Mammoth we commenced, the last stage of our Park trip, the short, beautiful drive to Gardiner Montana down the hill from Mammoth to the Gardiner River, by Eagle's Nest Rock and at last through the stone gateway. Then our unique coaching trip through Yellowstone National Park was ended.

As we looked back at the great entrance arch and read again the inscription, "For the Benefit and Enjoyment of the People," we realized for the first time its true significance.

The train stood awaiting our return and we were no sooner on board than the short run through the Gardiner Canyon to Livingston was begun. At Livingston two additional engines were put on, for during the night we were to cross the great divide of the Rocky Mountains.

D. S. S. '14

(To be continued.)

Their Thanksgiving Present.

Marie drew her chair up nearer the warm, blazing fire.

"God help any poor people that are on the road to-night," she exclaimed.

"Yes we ought to thank God that we have a home on a night like this," answered her sister Helen who threw more logs on the fire which was getting low.

"Listen! I thought I heard mother coming. I am sure I heard the gate swing back."

"Mother said she would stay all night at Aunt Ellen's if the storm grew worse. So she probably will. But we had better start getting supper as father will be home in a few minutes now."

Just then the telephone rang. Marie answered it and she heard her father's voice saying he would be detained at the office till nine o'clock and that the girls could stay till he got home at one of the neighbors if they wished. Instead the girls got some nuts and apples and decided to remain at home and read where it was cozy and warm.

Helen went and got the eatables and placed them on the table.

Her sister came running out of the other room, and said that she heard something moving on the front step.

"Why it's probably nothing but the wind blowing the snow."

"Well anyway I am going to look and find out" Marie answered.

When she reached the front door and had opened it she called her sister.

"Oh Helen! Come here quick and see what's here," for she had found a basket covered with snow.

Upon bringing the basket into the warm room the girls found a little baby wrapped up in blankets but his little eyes were closed.

After applying warm cloths to his body the little blue eyes finally opened up and a smile hovered on his tiny lips.

The girls were delighted. "At last," they said, "we have a brother."

"I wonder who left it here, isn't he pretty" and like exclamations were heard from the girls.

After giving him some milk the girls rocked him and he was soon asleep. When the girls' father came home that night they showed him their prize. He said that he was glad and thanked God that he had been able to give shelter to some poor soul on such a night, for he declared he had never seen such a storm in his life.

The next morning when the girl's mother came home she was delighted.

Mr. Harding, for such was the man's name, made inquiries but of no avail. The only clue to this baby's identity was a little gold locket and chain which hung around his neck and the Harding family have always thanked God for Their Thanksgiving Present.

R. C. C. '15

The Race

In two towns not far apart in New York State the high schools were close rivals in all sports. An old gentleman who enjoyed all athletics took an active interest in the contests between the two schools and offered a cup for the skating races, the school winning two out of three to keep the cup.

Two races had already been held, each of the schools winning one. The time was near for the deciding race and the students of Milton High were in a great state of excitement for Brown High had won the last race and had fine chances for winning this.

Knots of boys in the halls were eagerly dis-

cussing the chances of Milton. "Jack," said one boy, "what do you think of Smith that Brown is crowing so over? Do you think he is better than Worthington?" "Well," said Jack, "he is a mighty fine skater. I was watching him the other day when I was in the town, but I think that Worthington and he are pretty evenly matched and we'll have some excitement Saturday."

The chief topic of conversation among the girls also was of course the race. "Oh, we must win!" declared one girl excitedly, "We can't let Brown win that lovely cup!" As they parted one of the girls cried out, "Don't forget to bring your banners and come prepared to cheer."

At last Saturday dawned bright and clear; a perfect day for skating. At two o'clock in the afternoon the sides of the rink were thronged with cheering crowds. Each school cheered the other and then their own teams and sang school songs. There was frantic cheering when the racers lined up ready for the start.

The report of the starting pistol rang out sharply. "Oh, they're off!" "Milton's in the lead!" "Look at Brown creeping up!" and a burst of cheering came from the supporters of Brown as Smith crept steadily up to Worthinton. But their triumph was short lived for Worthington suddenly shot ahead and Smith was left behind.

Gradually most of the other racers dropped out and the interest was centered upon the two leaders. As they rounded a bend there was great excitement, "Oh, Brown's ahead!" "No Milton!" "Come on Smith, old boy, come on!" "Keep it up Worthington, keep it up, you're getting the lead!" And indeed he was almost up to Smith, the next minute they were racing neck and neck. Only a few feet from the finish and still they were even.

One foot from the line and suddenly Worthington shot ahead and crossed the line a few inches ahead of Smith.

Pandemonium reigned in the ranks of the Milton supporters for had they not won the cup for all time? The next morning the cup was presented to the school by the principal and placed in the cabinet which had been made for it by one of the boys.

D. E. R., '15.

Ramona's Secret

"See what a dismal place it is under that ledge. Let us run, Clara, and we will reach home before the storm breaks."

" Oh!" Clara placed her hands over her ears as a low growl of thunder rolled along the edge of the mountains and big drops of rain began to patter among the leaves. "If we wait five minutes longer, the storm will be upon us. We must make haste in seeking shelter."

Seizing Marian's hand, Clara dragged her along to the little cabin nestled beneath an overhanging ledge of rocks. Having tapped twice and having received no answer, she entered. Marian followed with beating heart and cheeks blanched by undefined terror. Before the burning fire sat an old woman.

"Why didn't you say, 'Come in,' Ramona?"

"I want no company," was her brief answer.

Clara drew up a stool closer to the fire and beckoned for Marian to follow.

"I would never have invited you in, Miss Clara, but since you are here, I will do my best to make you comfortable," said Ramona.

"And may we have some milk out of those darling blue-rimmed bowls and some rye bread?"

"Yes."

"And if the storm continues may we sleep in the garret?"

"You had better go home, Miss Clara—this is no place for dainty maidens like you to lay your heads."

Marian sat silent all this while and then when Ramona limped off for fresh fuel for the failing fire, she whispered to her companion:

"I don't like the looks of this horrid place, Clara Dear, and I wish we had never come to it."

The supper was delicious to the two hungry girls, and when Ramona showed the way up the steep stairs, Clara's delight was greater than ever.

"Hush!" cried Marian, seizing her companion's arm. "What noise was that?"

"It was an owl hooting in the woods. "What a bundle of ridiculous nerves you are."

At midnight Marian noiselessly waked her companion.

"Clara, Clara! Do not make a sound, but a face was gazing in that window just now!"

Clara raising herself perceived that the storm was over. She leaped to the window and gazing out saw neither man nor ghost.

"Poor Marian," thought Clara, "is dreaming horrible things."

But she lay back down.

Marian was not dreaming but what she thought she saw was actually true. The stranger walked into the chamber, straight to the uncovered pine table on which the girls had placed their jewels.

Both girls now were aware of the fact that a man was dropping ear-rings, rings and other treasures into his pocket. He turned toward them to see if everything was well and then with hurried footsteps, though almost silent, the made his way to the open window.

The girls could sleep no longer and as the sunbeams were soon seen dancing about the room, they arose, dressed and clambered down the rickety stair-case.

Arriving in the sitting room, they saw Ramona seated and as usual very unconscious of the proceedings. They told the story of the man entering their room and taking their jewels, but Ramona only pointed to a table and told them their belongings were there.

One week later Marian's maid entered her bed-room at the usual hour to brush her long golden tresses. Brimful of tidings, it seemed, she told of the death of Ramona's crazy brother who had fallen into the well near his house. For many years he had bothered the people within a short distance of that neighborhood.

Now the girls were greatly relieved at knowing who the intruder was.

Poor Ramona had concealed for many years the presence of her brother, but now it was over.

H. M. Swenson, '15.

The Message.

A message from the woods to you I bring,
A message full of joy and gladness, too;
In which the pretty birds with colors true,
To heav'n their songs of gladness sweetly sing.
The birds upon their leafy branches swing,
And think how they've just passed the winter through
In warmer climates where the skies are blue,
And how with winter over, comes the spring.
And so, as birds do sing when full of joy,
Let us in happiness our voices raise!
Let us rejoice for everything we have,
And try to pass through life's lane of decoy
With little thought of anything but praise,
For Him who knows of all we do and say."

G. M. F. '13

The Siege

The feud existing between the Brettons and our roommates had been at the breaking-point for several weeks. A day indoors was all that was needed to bring the crisis.

All day Friday it had been raining. The fellows, after so long a period of confinement, were in just the right mood to sing or fight—whichever seemed easiest.

After supper, while those musically inclined were in the music room singing, or at least trying to, Suds rushed into our room.

"Where are Hoodie and Mul?" he cried. "Mr. Ernest has gone to the club, and the Brettons are going to get even with them before he comes back."

Hoodie was in the room writing home, but Mul was nowhere to be found. Nor was there any time to look for him, for the crowd was already rushing up the stairs.

We were four of about sixty fellows caddying at a large summer hotel. Mul and Hoodie occupied one bed in our room while Suds and I slept in the other.

Two windows in the room were flush with the piazza roof. The other was about fifteen feet from the ground.

In preparing our defense we locked the door and moved the beds against it. Then we closed and locked the two windows opening on the roof. The other window had no lock, but as it was so far above the ground we feared no danger from that quarter.

We had scarcely finished our preparations when a loud knock was heard on our door.

"Come in," blandly called Hoodie, adding in an undertone, "if you can!"

"Oh. come now, you can't fool us," replied the leader of the attackers. "The door is locked and we know it."

"Why that's so, it is, isn't it?" remarked Hoodie with a surprised air. "And do you know," he continued, "I can't find the key." Which was true, as I had it in my pocket.

Just then Suds interrupted. "Quick, fellows," he cried. "They've got a ladder at the window!"

The attack at the door was only a ruse to take our attention from the main attack at the window!

Before we could cross the room, the leader of the attackers, Ned Bretton himself, had raised the window and was halfway into the room.

With a yell Hoodie gave him a pull that sent him sprawling on the floor, and then closed the window behind him. We had taken a prisoner!

The sight of us standing behind the window, armed with golf clubs, did not look inviting to the attackers. They abandoned the window and started for the door.

The door was just giving away, when someone cried. "Cheese it! Mr. Ernest!" And the figure of head caddy, closely muffled up in his familiar raincoat, golf cap, and auto goggles strode into the midst of the attacking forces.

"You may go to your rooms now," he sternly said to the Bretton gang. His voice sounded unusual, but its very strangeness held an added terror for the culprits. They meekly turned and slunk away to their rooms, leaving their leader a prisoner.

When the last attacker had disappeared, Mr. Ernest turned to us and slowly removed his rain coat, cap and then his goggles. It was Mul! He had outwitted the Brettons again!

When the real Mr. Ernest returned and there was no longer any danger, we sent back our prisoner to tell his friends how cleverly we had escaped them.

H. M. '15

A Fatal Friday

And so many boys were interested in aviation, several members of R. H. S. decided to form an aero club. A meeting was soon called and the different officers were elected. After this we began to make repairs on a glider which the Rutland Aviator had used. We worked all the winter in the carpentry shop of the school remodeling and repairing the air machine.

When spring came we took it out and succeeded in making several flights in it, until we tried to buck too much of a gale and the result was that we smashed four ribs, two uprights, and several other things about the plane.

When the next Friday came the machine was again in good condition, and the weather was ideal for flying. Most of the aero club had no recitations that afternoon and we decided to play "hookey." The principal noticed the small attendance, and sent two teachers as scouts to look into the matter. In some way we saw the pair coming down the street, and we made one grand rush to make ourselves "scarce." When the teachers came to the "factory" there was not a soul around; but things looked too suspicious. We watched from our hiding places, until they went away, and then we all came together again. We were boasting of our lucky escape, when around the corner stepped both of the "scouts." It was then too late for escape, and each one's name was taken. It sounded simple but we wondered what was coming Monday. However this was soon forgotten and we took our glider down to the aviation field. We then made preparation for the flights.

Two of the boy aviators had made successful ascents, when I stepped into the machine. I started from the top of the hill in a beautiful glide and continued in this manner until I gained a 25-foot altitude. When this happened, I lost all my nerve and remembered little more until I landed with a hard bang all in a heap. The glider of course came down on my head. The members of the club rushed over and took the remains of the machine off me. Then they helped me to my feet and I stretched myself to see if any bones were broken, but found that I was none the worse for my experience. We could do no more flying that afternoon, so we carried the wreck back to the factory for repairs.

The sequel of this story was on Monday morning, probations and suspensions. I now often wonder why nothing more was said since that fatal day of the Rutland High School Aero Club.

R. G. M. '15

The Prize Essay

Tom Perkins had lived all his life in the small village of Woodstock, Missouri. He had received a high school education and had then gone to work in the village grocery store.

Tom's people were poor, his father worked in the one manufacturing establishment in the village. As a result they could not send Tom to college. However owing to the kindness of an Eastern uncle Tom had just received a letter which enclosed a check to pay for the traveling expenses of Tom to Hope college. The letter stated that his uncle had made all arrangements with the dean of the college. The following week, after departing for the first time from his home town, Tom arrived at Hope.

Tom had been there about four months when the professor of the English department offered a prize of five hundred dollars to the writer of the best essay.

A short time after the announcement of the prize offer Tom received news from home stating that his father was very ill. The uncle's check had already run out and his mother stated that owing to the present circumstances they could not continue to send him to college. Tom had already handed in his essay and the following Monday the name of the winner of the prize would be published.

On Monday morning the dean appeared in chapel with a roll of papers under his arm. After a short speech he announced that the judges on the essay contest had awarded the prize to Tom Perkins, an underclassman. Tom immediately wrote home and told his parents the most welcome news. He finished his course at college and came out with honors. Thanks to his honesty and manliness he had made himself a success.

R. J. C. '15

The Class of '87 of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y., has presented it with a new gymnasium at a cost of $150,000. The gymnasium has been built and is now in use. It contains a swimming pool 30 feet by 75 feet in size, bowling alleys, rooms for inside baseball, basketball, handball, boxing, wrestling, a squash court and the main gymnasium for general athletic exercise. The building is equipped throughout with the most approved modern apparatus. It is built of Harvard brick with limestone trimmings and is fire proof throughout.

What and Where Among the Alumni

Miss Grace Sage, '09, gave a recital of "Cousin Kate," at the Fair Haven Opera House, Fair Haven, February 4th.

Florence Butler, '11, has returned to Middlebury college after spending a few days with her parents Judge and Mrs. F. M. Butler of this city.

Grace True, '08, of Elm street has returned from Ludlow where she has been visiting at the home of Captain and Mrs. E. A. Howe.

Ethel Adams, '12, has returned from Arlington where she has been visiting Pauline Webb. Miss Webb returned to Rutland with her.

Misses Maude, '08, and Ruth Adams, '09, of River street have been visiting in North Ferrisburgh.

Miss Belle Hayward is at her home on South Main Street for a short vacation.

Jack Moloney, '11, Hyman Abraham, '12, Fred Platt, '08, and Robert McCammon, '11, students from Dartmouth college at Hanover, N. H., were in town for a few days during the mid-year recess.

Elsie Green, '12, has returned to East Dorset where she is teaching school.

Florence Root, '09, has gone to Boston.

Mary Quigley, '09, of Center street has returned from New York and Philadelphia where she has been visiting relatives.

Rollin Burditt, '10, a student at Norwich University has returned to Northfield after spending several weeks in town.

Arthur Slade, '09, has returned to Troy, N. Y., where he is a student at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute after spending a few days at the home of his parents in Center Rutland.

Charles E. Morse, Jr., '12, and John Cootey, '12, Edward Pease, '08, and Ernest Gilbert, '11, students at U. V. M. were at their homes in this city during the mid year examinations.

Molly Pearsons, '05, has returned to Montpelier after spending a few days at her home in Cuttingsville, Vt.

Lawrence Jones, '12, who is a student at Worcester Polytechnic, was in Rutland during the mid-years.

Rita Beardsley, '10 has taken a position in Chalmers' store.

Ruth Pratt, '12, is confined to her home in Cuttingsville with the measles.

Athletics

THE INTER-CLASS SERIES

In spite of the poor condition of the ice the greater part of the season all the games for the inter-class hockey championship have been played and the Junior class team has emerged victorious.

The first game, between the Sophomores and Freshmen, resulted in a tie, 1-1. Owing to the darkness an extra period could not be played to decide a winner. In the second game however, the Sophs. ran away from their opponents and won by a score of 5-0. Hascall and Proctor starred for the Sophomores, while McMinn and Kingsley did good work for the Freshmen.

The third game was between the Seniors and Juniors. It was a hard-fought game all the way through but owing to the absence of a competent referee a winner could not be decided. The Seniors claimed that one of their men had caged the puck but the Juniors said no. They in turn claimed a score and so it stood. The whole argument might have been avoided if we had had some decent goals on the ice. In the end Prof. Thomas took matters into his own hands and appointed Mr. Adams and himself a committee of two to decide who won. After hearing witnesses on both sides of the case they awarded the game to the Juniors by a score of 1-0. Norton was the star of the Senior aggregation while Capt. Johnson and R. Beane put up a good game for the Juniors.

The final and deciding game was between the Juniors and Sophomores. It was a victory for the former, the team that the Sophs. put on the ice being no match for them although the score, 4-2, would seem to indicate a close game. Hascall and Proctor again played a good game for the losers while Capt. "Funny" Johnson starred for the winning seven.

INTER-SCHOLASTIC GAMES

Owing to the small financial income from the games few school in this section of the State

Agency for Spalding and Dudley Athletic Goods
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Second—Save a part of your weekly earnings—even if it be no more than a quarter dollar—and put your savings monthly in this bank.
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have a hockey team. In spite of this fact our hustling little manager, "Jeff" Elworth, has scheduled a number of games. The first was to have been played at Saxtons River against Vermont Acadamy but because of inclement weather it was found necessary to post-pone it. The team did journey to Proctor, however, there to meet defeat at the hands of the strong Proctor Y. M. C. A. team, 4-0. The school team was considerably out-weighed and although each man played a good game individually there was a noticeable lack of team work. This is readily explained by the fact that the team had little or no practice before going into the game, in fact, they had been in the habit of playing against each other in the class games. Capt. Norton and Sullivan starred for the school seven while Johnson and Erickson shone for the Proctor team. There are several remaining games to be played as yet and we're all pulling for a victory in each.

At a recent meeting of the football team Leonard "Red" Wing was elected captain for next year. Wing has been a member of the school team for the past three years and will surely make good as a leader, we all feel.

Locals

Found on a chemistry test paper:—"Sulphur may be obtained by roasting oars (ores)."

Miss S——, in Virgil:—"Thus he had eyes hands and countenance."

Miss D— in chemistry:—"How could you detect the odor of this gas?"

Copps:—"Stick your nose under the water."

Shaw:—"Yes, you would have a great chance."

Heard in chemistry lab.—"Look at 'Brick' laugh, That is laughing gas."

Rex wants mistletoe planted all over the ceiling so he can find it conveniently.

Miss Nelson, (to R. B. scanning Virgil):—"Oh, wait a minute, you have your feet all mixed up."

Reynolds, in English history:—"They were compelled to keep arms on hand all the time in case of war." Naturally, but we hope they weren't both on the same hand.

Miss P. in history:—"Reynolds, where did the Franks came from?"

Reynolds:—"Frankfort."

We heartily agree with Miss Meldon when she designates our daily torture as that "Dern, 'er verb" (dernier verb.)

Question:—"Where is the climax in the 'Tale of Two Cities?"

Answer:—In the attic!"

This must be the reason why the story is considered lofty.

Miss Purdon:—"Ross, what office did Henry VIII hold in the church?"

Ross:—"He took care of the church."

Miss Purdon:—"Was he the janitor?"

Proctor in C. English:—"One man in England found he could make a boat go faster by boring a hole in each end of the boat and paddling inside."

Miss Button wants it put on her tomb stone, "I had patience with Proctor."

Miss M. in English:—"The headless horseman threw his head at Ichabod."

According to Miss Daniels, we may some day see this notice in the paper:—"Died—one small boy in the chemistry class who persisted in eating phosphorus matches."

King Richard Up to Date

"A horse! a horse!" the student cried;
The Latin test he sadly eyed.
"A horse! a horse! or I shall fail."
His breath came fast, his brow grew pale,
The pencil dropped from his fingers bony,
For he had forgotten to bring his pony!

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Exchanges

The Oread gratefully acknowledges the following exchanges: "Adelphian", "Advance", "Blue and Gray", "Blue Owl", "The Chronicle", "Columbia Collegian", "Hermonite", "High School Recorder", "Lemon and Black", "Magpie", "Odessaite", "Old Hughes", "Onas", "Owl", "Recorder", "Searchlight", "Senorian", "Spectator", "Sphinx", "Tatler", "Totem", "Vermont Cynic".

We have with us this month the "Senorian" from Westport, N. Y. This like all new exchanges receives a hearty welcome to our list. Although the material is good the arrangement is very poor. We suggest that the advertisement be kept apart from the reading matter and that an exchange column be added. A few stories would make it much more interesting.

The "Tatler"—Another new exchange complete in all departments. Your cuts are excellent.

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Mrs. F.—"No, he's Irish." —Ex.

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The Oread



Published by the Rutland High School, Rutland, Vt.

March, 1913

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The Oread

VOL. VII. MARCH, 1913. No. 6.

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Editorials

The honor list of the Senior class was announced this month and we are all very glad to congratulate those who have been favored by such good fortune. They certainly deserve credit for their four years of work. The list is as follows: Ruth Alexander, Eugenia Baker, Lois Cassidy, Marion Clifford, Gladys Frost, Leon Lavalley, Allen Locke, Maude Martin, Cleon Perkins, and Mary Sparks. Miss Martin is valedictorian and Miss Cassidy salutatorian.

A group of students who are studying German in the High School have formed a club known as the "Deutscher Verein." They have been meeting after school once a week for a greater part of the year to study German. The members of the club subscribed to a German paper, "Aus Nah und Fern." This was read and discussed; German games were also played, the rule being that all conversation must be in German.

On Thursday afternoon, February 27, the club held a "Kaffee-Klatsch" in the cooking laboratory of the High School. Coffee and cakes were served in true German style and a pleasant "German" afternoon was enjoyed. Professor Thomas and Miss Julia Thomas were the guests of honor.

This is the Junior number and we are glad to say a good number, as far as the literary material furnished by that class is concerned. The material is good in quantity as well as quality and we are sorry not to have been able to print all that was received.

The Freshman number was very good considering the length of time they have been in High School, and the fact that they have had only a half-year of theme work.

The Sophomore number also deserves credit. Next month's issue will be the Seniors' and should of course be the best of all. Let us hope they may come up to this standard.

Across the Continent

(Concluded)

The morning after our departure from Livingston we found that we were riding through the fruit district on the Pacific slope. At noon we reached our destination, Spokane, Washington.

The rapid growth of this remarkable western city is due chiefly to the great lumber industry of which it is center. Its beauty is greatly enhanced by the Spokane River which flows diagonally across it and falls in a picturesque cascade in the business section. Then too, here, as in many western cities there is a profusion of flowers, especially roses.

We left Spokane convinced that the name it has selected for itself, "The City of Sunshine and Flowers" was well chosen.

For many miles east of our next destination, Portland, Oregon, the railroad runs parallel with the Willamette River famous for its salmon fisheries. Long before we reached Portland we could see the great white summit of Mt. Hood the pride and delight of all Oregonians.

The assets to Portland's beauty are many and varied. It is finely situated, the business section is a valley, the residential on surrounding hills. The four snow-capped peaks, of which it is so proud, are visible from almost all points in the city. Mt. Ranier rises far to the north, a little to the right and much nearer is the dazzling cone of Mt. St. Helens, farther away and in the north east is Mt. Adams, and in the east Mt. Hood. The forestry building of the Lewis and Clark Exposition is interesting to the city's visitors.

After a day in Portland we left for Seattle, Washington, the largest and most advanced city in the north western part of the United States. Its principle industries are ship-building and shingle-making.

Situated as it is on Elliot Bay in Puget Sound, Seattle is the chief port for Alaskan trade. The University of Washington situated there occupies the magnificent buildings erected for the Alaska-Yukon Exposition.

An extensive park system now under construction, will be a great improvement to the city. A portion now completed extends for several miles along the shore of Lake Washington.

The trip from Seattle to Vancouver, B. C., was made by water. Leaving Seattle at nine in the morning, we enjoyed a delightful day on Puget Sound arriving at Vancouver in the evening.

The only stop was at Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, on Vancouver Island. Among the many fine buildings there are the Houses of Parliament.

Numerous small heavily wooded islands make the route from Victoria to Vancouver extremely hazardous but correspondingly picturesque.

Though much larger than Victoria, Vancouver is less beautiful. In Stanley Park, one of its greatest attractions, there are many gigantic trees and peculiar wood growths. But above all Vancouver is a shipping port. Vessels plying between Alaska, the Orient and Puget Sound are constantly seen in its land-locked harbor, one of the safest in the world.

The train had been brought around from Seattle during the day, and late the following morning we commenced our eastern journey, entering the Rockies almost immediately.

The Canadian Pacific Railroad, on which we were traveling, follows the Fraser River for more than a hundred miles. When first seen this stream is broad and peaceful but as we reached the mountains it became more turbulent, till finally in the Fraser Canyon it was a rushing torrent.

Every mile of the road is filled with wild startling scenery. At times there is so little space between the bases of the cliffs that the river and railroad seem to contend for right of way.

Near the line there are many traces of old Indian trails. At one point is an ancient Indian graveyard, quaint and barbariously decorated. To see Indians spearing fish or Chinamen washing gold at the river bank is frequent occurrence.

From the Fraser Canyon the road turns abruptly to the right into the Thompson Canyon, the more wonderful of the two, for it is highly colored in red, yellow and brown.

The chasm is so narrow that the road bed was blasted out of the edge of the sheer rock cliffs. For fifty miles we followed this difficult course the canyon widens into a narrow valley.

Four hundred miles from Vancouver is Revelstoke, a little city which marks the gateway to the West Kootenay mining camp. At this small station we found our train sidetracked, on a clear, cool Sunday morning, late in August.

"Trouble ahead on the line," was the only answer to our questions about the delay. But impatience was not to be thought of. Perhaps the detention was even welcomed, for it added to the spirit of adventure which pervaded the atmosphere.

At eight, however, we left for Glacier where we were to stop for several hours. The road follows the Illecillewaet River, crossing and recrossing this glacial stream which flows through a deep narrow gorge. All this time we were penetrating deeper into the fastness of the Selkirk Range of the Rockies.

Having ascend a long, heavy grade in the slope of a figure eight we reached the little station at Glacier, B. C., where we learned the cause of the delay. During a storm the previous day, a land slide had occurred which forced the current of a stream through a snow shed, tearing up several hundred feet of road-bed. Before traffic could be resumed a temporary trestle must be built.

But with so many wonders in the vicinity the prospect of a few added hours here was not unagreeable.

A large hotel called the Glacier House is near the railroad. Several trails lead from this hostelry to the Illecillewaet Glacier, a gigantic sheet of ice two miles away. From the northern side, Mt. Sir Donald rises abruptly to an altitude of eleven thousand feet.

The panorama from the foot of the Glacier exhibits the true grandeur of the Selkirks. Many small glaciers have found resting places between the snowy Rockies.

From the Glacier House there are many other trails and bridle paths each with a wholly unlike but equally fascinating vantage point at its end.

When we returned to the station after our trip to the Glacier we found that several trains had come up and by early afternoon it was rumored that there were twenty trains stalled by the washout. We were informed that our train could not proceed till the next day but as is often the case the rumor was false for at ten that evening, after a few preliminary puffs our great engines started up the grade toward the summit of the Selkirks.

Those of the party who had not retired were well rewarded for their loss of sleep for they saw a full moon rise over the Glacier. The road runs directly west for two or three miles out of Glacier thus giving those on the observation platform an excellent opportunity to see the Glacier and Mt. Sir Donald from a new view point.

The soft moonlight completely changed the rugged appearance of the mountains giving them a ghostly aspect and making them seem more than ever a background for the Glacier with its silvery streak caused by the moon as it rose in the clear sky above.

Finally the scene was left as a turn in the track brought us to Summit the highest point reached by the Canadian Pacific in the Selkirks. Here the mountains seem to contend for supremacy in height and all on granite, uncovered save for a number of glaciers and snow fields.

Near Summit we crept cautiously over the trestle and started on to Roger's Pass, which lies between two lines of snow clad peaks. Mt. Macdonald towers above the railway almost a mile in vertical height. Its base is but a stone's throw distant.

In order that no more than was necessary of the scenery be passed at night the train was

sidetracked at Roger's Pass, leaving early next morning for Laggan Alberta.

From the Pass we followed Bear Creek, a thousand feet above the stream itself which appeared a silver thread in the densely wooded valley below. After we left Bear Creek we ran parallel with the Columbia to Golden, a little mining town at the north of the Kicking Horse River. A few miles beyond Golden we entered the Kicking Horse Canyon. In this vast chasm the railroad crosses and recrosses the river, twisting and turning to find a way through. The towering cliffs almost shut out the sunlight and the roar of the river and train is increased a hundred fold by the high granite walls.

When we emerged from the Canyon we followed the Kicking Horse Flats to Field, a little town at the foot of Mt. St. Stephen, a snowy cone ten thousand feet above.

We had scarcely left Field when we entered the new three thousand foot spiral tunnel under Mt. Ogden. Leaving this, the track runs back across the Kicking Horse River, then enters the three thousand two hundred foot corkscrew tunnel in Cathedral Mt. from which it emerges to run back along the Kicking Horse Valley. The Kicking Horse Tunnels are a feat of engineering which is a perfect maze to the average traveler.

To the right of the railroad a few miles farther on is Mt. Stephen. A trail can be seen winding up to a silver mine high on the granite side of the mountain.

After a long, heavy grade we reached the great Divide of the Rockies marked by a rustic sign over a stream which divides part flowing toward the Pacific and part toward Hudson Bay.

From the Great Divide there is a gradual descent along the Bow River to Laggan where there is a picturesque rustic station.

After a drive to Lake Louise Chalet where we had lunch, the party separated, some riding, some driving, others walking but all with the same purpose, to visit the Lakes in the Clouds.

The Chalet is situated near the lowest and largest Lake Louise. From the terrace in front of this hotel the Lake can be seen to the best advantage. It is oval in shape. On the east side a mountain, devoid of vegetation, rises abruptly. On the west is a heavily wooded hill. In the gap formed by these mountains several snow-capped peaks can be seen and a great glacier comes down to the water's edge. The peculiar turquoise blue color of the lake is caused by the glacial deposit in the stream fed by the slowly melting glacier.

Mirror Lake is next visited. It is much higher and smaller than Lake Louise and the water is dark green.

The climb from Mirror Lake to Lake Agnes the highest and smallest of all is above the timber line.

Lake Agnes is situated similarly to Lake Louise except that the hill on the western side is not wooded. From Lake Agnes the other lakes appear mere specks far below. There is a magnificent view of the Rockies for range upon range stretch far to the north and west.

The next day we rode through the Canadian wheat fields reaching Portal, North Dakota at six in the evening.

Thirty six hours later we arrived at St. Paul. After a day there and in Minneapolis we went on to Chicago when there were stop-over privileges also. From there we left for New York arriving at the Pennsylvania Terminal in the evening.

Just three weeks before, we had left gay and eager; now, we were returning all anxious to reach our several homes, and filled with the beauties and wonders of that part of this great continent which we had visited.

In the same way as it had formed, the Pennsylvania party separated and our trip was over; but it will always be remembered as one of the pleasantest experiences of our lives.

D. S. S., '14.

She—"I don't see how the freshmen can keep their little caps on their heads?"

It—"Vacuum pressure." Ex.

The High Hurdles

Jack Potts, senior at Westport, slid off the fence where he had been watching the high school track-team practicing, and walked slowly over to one of the fellows.

"Hello, Freddie," he said, addressing him, "what are you trying to do?"

"Hello, Jack. I didn't know you were watching us, but you are just in time to coach me. How did I do that last sprint?" without waiting for an answer Fred Wilder continued, "I'm working for form now, speed comes later, you know."

"Yes, I know all about it. But you did pretty well then. What are you going in for?"

"Hurdling. I haven't the slightest notion how to go at it, but neither has anybody else around here. Will you help me some?"

"Sure, till I go back to college. I'll come out tomorrow. I have an engagement just now. So long." and he walked away with long swinging strides.

The next afternoon Fred was put thru his paces and, assisted by Jack, did very creditably. Jack also had on his running-suit, and attracted a great deal of attention with his crimson "W."

A week went by, during which Jack's time was passed in instructing Fred in the gentle art of hurdling, and in "rushing" Fred's sister Margaret. Incidentally, he had taken Margaret to his Junior Prom and innumerable ball-games. The morning of his return to college, Jack saw in the morning paper that "————, the well-known Westport hurdler, is spending his spring vacation coaching the Newton High School track-team. Newton expects to have a strong team" etc. He frowned but soon forgot the notice in he excitement of packing. Fred and Margaret appeared at the station to see him off.

"Did you see that piece in the 'Morning Argus'?" asked Jack.

"Yes," answered Fred, "they're only a week behind, which is early for them."

The conductor shouted "All aboard", and the train pulled out amid many good-byes and commands to "be sure to write."

Three weeks later Jack received a letter from Margaret stating that Fred had won both the 120 and 220-yard hurdle races in the interscholastic track-meet. Jack answered, inviting them both down to dual meet between Rodney and Westport, which was to take place in about two weeks.

They accepted, but on the appointed day Jack, with a long face, met Margaret alone.

"Now what's the matter?" she asked. "Don't tell me all the hotels are full and I'll have to stay in a horrid boarding-house."

"No, its worse than that. Where's Fred, in the smoker?"

"Don't be foolish. He's coming on the 2:10 this afternoon. He'll have just barely time to get out to the field, won't he? I thought he was coming with me, but at the last minute he said he had something important to do and would come along later.

"Good heavens! Do you remember that notice in the 'Argus' about my coaching the high school fellows? Well, yesterday the manager of the Rodney team came over and said it sounded like professionalism to him. You know the rules say you're a pro if you coach for money or any valuable consideration, and Prexy is awful strict since last fall a fellow was convicted of playing for a salary. Of course, I swore up and down I just did it for fun, but I won't be allowed to run unless I can get a witness for my side. There'll be just time enough if the 2:10 isn't late. Here's your ticket for this afternoon. I'll give Fred's to him when he comes. I probably shant see you again till to-night. Here's the hotel, and I'll have to leave you. Good-bye, don't get lost," and he was gone.

At 2:10 Jack was at the station, pacing up and down the platform. In "Prexy's" office sat the athletic council, waiting for the promised witness. At the athletic field, crowds filled the stands.

2:15 came and went, and Jack stepped up to the ticket-office.

"Is the 2:10 late?" he asked.

"Tied up behind a freight-wreck. Wont be in till 5 o'clock."

His heart sank, and he turned away and walked slowly towards the college campus. It would probably be cleared up eventually, but in the meantime he would not be allowed to take part in the meet. And they counted on him to win the 120-yard hurdles. The other men were pretty fairly matched, but Peters, Rodney's best hurdler, was expected to put up a fast race. The words of the coach were brought vividly before his mind: "I count on your winning the high hurdles and bringing in the winning points." He jumped back as an automobile whizzed by, then sprang after it, for he had caught a glimpse of Fred in the tonneau.

"Fred, oh, Fred," he shouted.

Luckily they heard him and stopped as he came up panting, The situation was explained in a few words, and they drove quickly to the waiting council.

"I was going down to the station," voluntered Fred, "when I met these fellows. They brought me here. 78 miles in ————"

"Don't stop to explain. Here we are. Come on," he finished, already entering the building.

It took fifteen precious minutes to get the written acquital of the athletic council. They fairly flew down the stairs into the street. The car was nowhere in sight! A grocery cart, driven by a red-headed freckle-face boy, came around the corner toward them.

"Hi, there," called Jack. "Take us out to the athletic field, will you? You see," he added, as the wagon stopped, "I have to run in one of the events and I'm afraid I'll be late."

"Jump in," invited the boy, and almost before they were seated the horse was galloping. The field was reached in record time. Leaving Fred to pay the boy, Jack walked rapidly to the dressing-room under the grand-stand, and in five minutes appeared on the field in his running-suit. The field-judge was soon found and the acquital showed to him.

"All right," he said. "In view of the circumstances, and if Rodney's manager consents, we will let you run in the final heat, altho the trials have been finished long ago."

"There's their manager now."

The matter was arranged satisfactorily, and a few minutes later the finals of the 120-yard hurdles was announced.

"Peters, Douglass, Smith and Potts," called the starter.

Jack saw the coach look up, surprised, and then hurry toward him.

"Well, Mike, I got here on time, anyway."

"I don't know how you did it, but good for you. I had given you up for lost. Peters is the only one you need to look out for," the coach added in an undertone, "but go in and win."

"On your marks," came the command, and Jack settled himself in preparation for the race, every nerve tingling.

"Get set."

All eyes were turned on the four crouching figures, but to Jack, only one pair of eyes was looking at him, and they were blue ——.

The pistol cracked, and away they went. All four took the first hurdle together. At the second, Jack and Peters lead. Jack's sight, at first blurred, gradually cleared, and for the first time he was aware of a figure to the right and abreast of him. He was seized with a wild desre to turn and look, but overcame it and went on. Would it never end? At last, only three more hurdles. Only two more.

"Now," he said, half aloud, and threw himself into it with redoubled vigour. One more hurdle. Up and over, then a short ten yards and he felt the tape tighten over his chest. Then all became dark. When he opened his eyes the coach was bending over him.

"Did I win?", he asked.

"Win!" exclaimed Mike. "You made a new intercollegiate record. Your time was 16 1-5 seconds. Think of it! Listen to 'em cheer!"

Jack closed his eyes and listened, and smiled, while a pair of blue eyes danced before his face, and he thought —— but that is another story.

R. B. T. 1914.

First Flea—"Been on a vacation?"
Second Flea—"Nope; been on a tramp."—Ex.

The Launching of "Nomad"

For fourteen consecutive years it had been the custom of our family to spend the months of July and August at our summer home on the coast of Maine. After so many seasons spent there it had become an old story We desired a change, altho we liked to be near the water and away from city life for at least two out of every twelve months.

Now it happened that one very warm afternoon in August of nineteen hundred and eleven, my father had vainly been trying to read and keep cool while stretched out in a hammock under the trees. Not being very successful he at length arose and started off towards the boat-houses. Before he reached them his attention was arrested by a trim looking yacht as she swung gracefully into the bay. Following the shore line closely it passed in front of the cottage and was soon after lost to view.

This was by no means the first pleasure craft that had followed that same course, but Dad was in just the right humor to take particular notice of her and she left an impression on his mind. He wondered if we wouldn't enjoy traveling that way ourselves during the summer months. It would be a healthful sport and give us the desired change. That evening he spoke to us on that subject and his plans were received with enthusiasm.

Early in the fall of that same year (1911), father consulted a naval architect, telling him what size and kind of a yacht we wanted and also what accommodations and speed were desired.

The plans were drawn up, embodying to perfection all the requirements which would go to make the boat an ideal one for our use, and were turned over to the New York Launch and Engine Co. of Morris Heights, New York.

The construction of the vessel began in October. Every week, through the following winter and spring, a letter was received at home, telling just how much work had been accomplished during that time, until at last early in June we received the communication which we had been waiting for so long. In part it read, "—— your yacht will be ready to take the water on the twenty-fifth of this month."

We at once began to make the necessary preparations for the launching. It had already been decided that the yacht would bear the name "Nomad." As the Nomads are a tribe of wandering people, we thought that that name would be appropriate for a boat that was to wander from place to place wherever our fancies dictated.

On the twenty-third of June we went to New York, arriving there at 5:55 that afternoon. The next morning we went out to the company's plant to take our first look at the boat.

Arriving there, one has to enter the main office building and procure a pass before he can get by the watchman who guards the big gates which lead into the shipyard. Obtaining that necessary paper we at once passed through the gateway and were met by the yard foreman, who had been informed of our coming through the company's private telephone system between the offices and shops. He conducted us through a maze of all sorts and description of boats, all in various stages of construction, finally bringing us to where our craft lay blocked up on the ways.

And such a ship! A novice could tell at a glance that she was a real boat in every foot of the ninety-one feet she laid claim to. Her clean, white sides fairly shone, with a pleasing contrast of deep red from the deck house and trunk cabin of mahogany, while this in turn was well contrasted by the deck fittings of polished brass.

After looking the craft all over and examining it thoroughly we returned to the city and the hotel.

The next day, the twenty-fifth, there was a light shower in the morning and we thought that the event would have to be postponed, but about nine o'clock the sun came out clearing away the rain clouds as if by magic.

The time set for the launching was 2:30 p. m., but as is usually the case everything was late.

A platform had been erected next to the bow

of the vessel for the use of the party, and as we stepped upon it we all felt rather nervous.

My sister, a young lady of sixteen, was to be the sponsor, and was dressed for the occasion in white. In her left hand she carried a large bouquet of white roses, while in her right hand she held the bottle of champagne, which had a large bow of white ribbon tied to the neck.

It was 3:15, by my watch, when the word was passed that the preparations were all completed and everything was ready to knock the blocks out which held the yacht in position. Two minutes later the order was given and the restraining timbers were thrust aside.

As the boat very slowly started down the ways, the young lady in white, clutching the bottle in her hand with almost a death grip, spoke in a clear voice and said, "In keeping with this old custom, and as thou art about to take water for the first time, I do now christen thee, 'Nomad'." Before the words had scarcely passed her lips she swung the bottle, smashing it against the sharp cut-water. With the shattering of the glass, the bow of the craft was well christened with champagne.

On went the boat, gathering speed every instant until, with a mighty splash, she plunged stern foremost into the water. The launching was over and had been in every way successful. "Nomad" floated as gracefully as a swan and we could already see many pleasant trips in store for us.

The four men who were to form the crew were present to witness the launching and were ordered to remain with the boat until the finishing touches were completed and then bring her to our camp on the Maine coast.

Three weeks after she took the water she swung into the bay and came to anchor in front of the cottage. A week was then spent in making short trips for the purpose of testing her engines and limbering her up generally, as a new boat is very stiff.

On the twentieth of July we went aboard, and with a good supply of provisions and with the fuel and water tanks filled to their limit, we started on our first cruise, which was to last six weeks.

On this trip we encountered all kinds of weather conditions and "Nomad" proved herself in every way to be a credit to those who designed and built her.

F. D. K. '14.

Over the Hills and Far Away

We live in a small city, which to some people may be the same as the country. We think differently. There are four of us in the family; father, mother, Bob and I. We always spend Thanksgiving on the farm with Grandfather and grandmother and all the other cousins and uncles and aunts. There are sixteen of us all together. We all eat at two or three ordinary tables put together.

Last year mother didn't think we ought to go because grandfather was straining every nerve to pay off the mortgage. It had been a hard year, but nevertheless he wanted very much to pay it. Try as he would he could not come within three hundred and fifty dollars of the full amount.

When mother wrote that she thought we ought not to go, they were disgusted and wrote back that as long as they couldn't pay all the mortgage they didn't think they would pay any. That reply and our teasing finally won the day and we started bright and early Wednesday morning.

We boys kept singing, "Over the hills and far away," only we were going "over the hills" on a train. It was cloudy in the North and we hoped it would snow. Father said it was too early and the season had been too mild.

Grandpa met us at the station with the carryall. Aunt Margaret and Uncle Bill and Willie had come only a few minutes before and the carry-all was full. Willie is only about nine and he is Willie all right. When we all get together it isn't so bad, but when the three of them came to our house—the least said the better.

We were the last arrivals and the house looked pretty full when we were settled. Uncle Alfred is mother's oldest brother. He has two girls and a boy. The girls are all right but they are too grown-up to notice us small-fry. Paul is just my age and full of the Old Nick. Aunt Marion can't do anything with him.

Then comes mother. I have told about our family above. It is not for me to say how we act, but we aren't "sissies" anyway.

Uncle Bill is two or three years younger than mother and he has some fun in him. I guess if he had the sole control of Willie he would be a different boy.

Then there is Aunt Jeannette. She is twenty-two and awfully pretty. She has only been married a few months so she isn't as much fun as she used to be. She and Uncle Charles go mooning off in corners most of the time. I don't think I shall get married, if that is the way you have to act.

That night we were all pretty sleepy and went to bed early. We boys slept in the old nursery. That is the nicest room I ever was in. It isn't full of stuff that you must be careful not to break or anything like that. All the old toys are in there and we have lots of fun looking at them and playing with them. The thing I like best is a monstrous big rocking-horse. It is as good as a real one.

Next morning we boys got up early and left Willie on his downy couch. We always help Grandpa with the chores and then he tells us stories later.

We went down the back stairs just on purpose to go through the kitchen and peek into the pantry. The shelves were full and the covers of the cooky jar and doughnut pail were almost fallen off. Paul said those covers ought to fit tight and hadn't we better take some doughnuts with us? Just then Grandfather came in with his coat on, so we left the covers alone.

By the time we got back everyone was up and Willie was reading his morning chapter in the sitting-room. Breakfast was nearly ready, so we let him read in peace. After breakfast they sent us outdoors. Marie and Jean helped fix things in the house so we didn't have them along to bother. They usually go with us in the country.

Grandfather had told us about our great-great-uncle John. He said everyone else thought he was crazy. Grandpa doesn't think so. Uncle John was always talking about his money and how rich he was. Nobody believed him and that was why they said he wasn't just right. He used to say that under the floor of the old log-house in the five-acre lot was a chest of money. The queer part of it was that there isn't a log-house in the five-acre lot and never had been so far as anyone ever knew.

That morning we thought we would go up to the lot and look around, anyway, so off we went. In one corner of the field there was a large brush heap. Grandfather said it had been there when he was a boy. He said that whenever they cleaned out the underbrush in the woods they always put it there and it had become a regular custom that no one thought of breaking. He said we could burn some of it if we were careful.

We set to work and carried a lot of it out into the field. It made a fine blaze, but it didn't last long, it was so dry. We kept bringing more and more from the heap till we thought it was all gone. But it wasn't. We had leveled it to the ground but there was a hole there and it was full. We pulled out what we could and then I went down and handed it up to the others. The hole was oblong and quite regular. We thought it had been dug for a purpose.

Finally I had cleared out one corner and was going on to the next when I began to sink into what was apparently solid ground. I was frightened for a minute but then the explanation flashed over me. The old branches had moldered for years and looked like dirt, but probably there was a large log on which I had been standing and when I stepped off the net work of twigs gave way. Of course, it all came to me in a minute and as I went down I grabbed

at the log. My guess was apparently correct. I caught something solid and hung on.

Just then Bob came running for more wood and saw me. He began to laugh when I told him what had happened. Suddenly his face changed. He went and examined the sides of the hole and then came back and said in great excitement, "This is the cellar of the old log-house!"

He called the other boys and they managed to pull me out. Then we decided to clear the place out and see what we could find.

The log I had been standing on was only three feet or so from the level of the field so the hole couldn't be very deep. After some time and work we got all the brush out and burned up. The only place where the ground was not firm was the place where I fell in. We sent Willie back after a shovel and then went to digging out the branches. It was hard work but we were amply rewarded when the shovel struck solid wood just beside where I had hung. We dug around the place and soon unearthed a wooden box. Uncle John had been in the Mexican War and this box looked like a mess chest; at least, we thought it did. We had never seen one. We later found out that it was much too small for a mess chest, being only a foot by a foot and a half and about eight inches deep on the outside.

We opened it and found it full of money. We didn't know much about the different pieces and we didn't stop to count it, but we imagined here must be thousands of dollars in the box. We were puzzled as to how we could get the money to the house without being noticed. The plan was to wait until after dinner and then spring our wonderful surprise on the assembled family. Finally we decided to load as much of it as possible into our several pockets and leave the rest. We did so and found that there wasn't as much as we thought. When we got to the house we went directly to the nursery. There I rumaged around till I found an old box and we emptied our pockets.

Just then Grandfather called for the shovel. We had purposely left it. Paul had more pockets than the rest of us, so he went after the shovel. He said he was afraid Grandpa would notice how his pockets bulged, but he didn't. Paul had managed to bring all the rest of the money down.

Dinner was set for one o'clock and in a few minutes Grandma called to us to get ready as everything was almost done. We hurried and got down stairs just as the bell rang.

That dinner was just like the ones we had always had at Grandmother's on Thanksgiving, only better, if possible. It was a regular old-fashioned turkey-dinner with two turkeys. There were mashed potatoes and brown gravy and turnip and squash and onions and cranberry sauce and brown bread and home-made butter; when we began. When we finished that course there wasn't much left to eat on the table. Then came the pies; mince, apple, pumpkin, squash and raisin, and home-made cheese. By that time we couldn't have eaten much more, if our lives depended on it. There were still nuts and raisins and coffee and cake but that part was not very well patronized, especially by us boys.

While the rest were nibbling raisins, we went up to the nursery, leaving all the doors open behind us. The box really wasn't very heavy, but we pretended it was. When they saw us come in they thought it was only our usual foolishness. But when we put the box on the table and opened it, I tell you, they were pretty still for several minutes. Then they asked so many questions all at once that we didn't know what to do.

Finally Grandfather got up and managed to quiet them and with a rather shaky voice told us to explain We did and the noise was worse. Through it all little Grandma, with her cap on one side kept wiping her eyes and hugging us until we were as red as fire.

Well, after a while they calmed down a little and Uncle Bill suggested that we count the money. There was a little over a thousand dollars. I suppose that in Uncle John's time a

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thousand dollars was worth more than it is now. Grandpa wanted to divide it among us boys but we wouldn't let him. We told him to pay off the mortgage and keep the rest because it really belonged to him anyway. Uncle John had left it to him only no one thought that there was any.

We stayed till Saturday, but it was pretty tame compared to Thursday.

C. A. C. '14.

What and Where Among the Alumni

Edna Buckbee, '11, of Slingerland, N. Y., is visiting friends and relatives in this town.

Mildred Egleston, '12, has returned from a visit in Chester.

Ellen Tyrrell, '06, has gone to New York.

Orris Ballou and Clyde Brislin, '12, attended the Junior Prom. at Holyoke College.

Horace Colburn, '08, and Florence Root, '09, were married Feb. 25, 1913.

George Harman, '09, went to the Kake Walk at U. V. M.

Marguerite Bailey, '03, of North Main St. is in New York for a few days.

Mae Dugan, '11, is taking a P. G. at R. H. S.

Belle Hayward, '11, substituted in Latin and Greek at R. H. S. during the absence of one of the faculty.

Locals

Miss P—, Hist.—"How many ships were there in the boat?"

Moriglioni—"Comedy—Olivia marries Sebastian."

Miss R——.—"I should think that would be tragedy."

Can you hear Bartholomew?

Why does a cough drop?

Is the ink-well?

Miss P——.—"What was the motive of the Spaniard when he came over here?"

Lavalley—"Get rick quick."

Lavalley—"Four dukes, five counts, and one somebody else."

Flagg—"People of Britain in 59 B. C. were called Piets"

Someone in Room C possesses more copper cents than he does common sense.

Mr. Connor—"Copps, what do you want?"
Copps—"Nothing."
Fuller—"You can't get that in here." (Room C.)

Miss Hea—"Why didn't the Kansas-Nebraska bill work out?"

Miss A——.—"Because the people went off by themselves and separated."

"Alexander's Ragtime Band" has dissolved, because the first violinist has gone to New York.

John Rey—— is the politest boy in school. Recently he gave his seat to three ladies.

Miss Loo—"Handsome people have measles two or three times, sometimes."
Miss Huff—"I've had them twice."

BEWARE, TEACHERS!

Miss Hea—"What is the duty of the town (or city) superintendent to teachers?"
Bright scholar—"To report them."

Davis, '13.—"Je suis M'sieur So-and-so."

Miss Cline, '14.—(translating "Il a six pied 'haut).—"He has six feet."

Why is Bemis always called upon when information is wanted concerning "reverent love."

McIntyre tells us that George Eliot married a name by the man of Lewes.

"My goodness! Just look at Mrs. Jones pushing her son George off the roof."
"Yes, but he is in an aeroplane."
"Oh! Teaching her young to fly."

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Exchanges

The OREAD gratefully acknowledges the following exchanges: *"The Advance," "Bayonet," "Blue and the Gray," "Bulletin," "Cazenovian," "Columbia Collegian," "Granitian," "High School Herald," "Lemon and Black," "Megaphone," "Old Hughes," "Olympus," "Orange Peak," "The Owl," "Pennant," "Recorder," "Tahoma," "Tatler," "Tolo," "Vermont Academy Life," "Yahara."*

There are three new exchanges in the list this month. These are *"The Bayonet," "Megaphone" and "The Orange Peals."*

The Megaphone, (Davenport, Washington)—Here is a paper full of school spirit. The Athletics are especially good and we wish to congratulate the basket-ball team for its numerous victories. The exchanges are written in a very novel manner.

Tatler (Huntington, W. Va.)—Your new department "Happenings in Other Schools" is interesting and instructive. Your cover design for February is quite artistic.

Pennant (Meriden, Conn.)—Why not print a list of exchanges received each month.

Freshie—"Pa, who was Shylock?"

Father—"Shame on you for not knowing. Why don't you read your Bible?"—Ex.

He laughs best who laughs when the teacher laughs.—Ex.

Because we are not witty,
Because we have no jokes,
Because we print no stories,
That please you funny folk,
You sigh and groan and grumble,
And fling us on the shelf.

Moral—Gentle reader, just write us some yourself.—Ex.

Is a fellow who calls on his girl during a thunder shower a "rainbow"?—Ex.

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PRESCRIPTIONS

Hot Drinks — The Rexall Store

HOTEL BARDWELL

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The Oread

VOL. VII. APRIL, 1913. No. 7.

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Editorials

About thirty members of the Senior Class set out Saturday, March 29, on the annual trip to Washington. Despite the many discouraging reports in regard to the difficulties of traveling, the party arrived in Washington safely Sunday morning.

Sunday afternoon a sight-seeing tour around Washington was taken. A guide pointed out the buildings of special interest. In the evening the Congressional Library was visited. This is without doubt the most beautiful public building in Washington.

The next day the party went to see the Washington Central Market, where, according to the guide, everything edible can be had, even to Vermont maple sugar.

The Treasury building was next visited, where everyone secured some new coins. It was here that one of our brilliant Seniors tried to get six new nickels for a quarter. During the day trips were also made to the War and Navy Department, the Post-office, the Bureau of Fisheries, the National Museum and the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. The last named building was very interesting, for bills and certificates are made there.

Probably the feature of the day was the trip to the top of Washington Monument. The view from here is most wonderful. The whole city lies before one, and the Potomac can be seen for miles in both directions.

Tuesday morning the first trip was to the National Capitol. The White House, the Pan-American Building and the Continental Memorial Hall were also visited. In the latter building, which was erected by the Daughters of the American Revolution, there is a room entirely finished and furnished with the wood from the English frigate, Augusta, which was under water for about one hundred and twenty-five years. The massive bronze chandelier was moulded from the anchor of the ship.

The following morning the party visited the United States Navy Yards. This trip had especial educational advantages, for here were the shops where are made cartridges, and the huge cannons which are used on the war-ships.

On Wednesday afternoon the trip was made down the Potomac to Mt. Vernon and thence to the National Cemetery at Arlington. This was without doubt the most interesting and the most enjoyable feature of the whole trip. Mt. Vernon is a very beautiful place and seems well fitted to have been the home of the "Father of our Country."

Arlington is a pleasant and quiet spot. Here is situated the Curtiss Lee Mansion. From this can be had another splendid view of the city of Washington and the Potomac.

Early Thursday morning the party bid farewell to Washington and set out for Philadelphia. One poor Senior got on the wrong train, but as he had company, he was not lonesome. On arriving in Philadelphia the party enjoyed a sight-seeing tour of the city, visiting Independence Hall and the United States Mint. The latter was both interesting and instructive, for the entire process of the making of United States coin was illustrated and explained.

After lunch at the Hotel Windsor, the trip to New York was continued. The party remained at the Hotel Woodstock until the following morning. Then the crowd broke up, some coming home, and others remaining in the city a few days longer.

To the Mountains of Vermont

O sweet and peaceful mountains bathed in light,
The last bright rays of Autumn's dying sun
Hath sent across thy peaks, but now begun
To flaunt their colors beautiful and bright;
We love thee as we see thee rising right
Around us, and with sorrow almost shun
The thought that, having seen what God hath done,
Thou should'st fore'er be taken from our sight.
Thus when we travel over other parts
Of this great earth, as did the men of yore,
Who to this land for freedom's sake had come,
'Tis always with a feeling in our hearts
Of love and joy, that we to thee once more
Our faces turn, and thank God we are home.

M. F. M.

The Victory

"But, Cecilia, I'd rather meet your brother in a more conventional way."

Cecilia Matthews waved the protest aside with a scornful sweep of her hand.

"Conventional—that's the fatal word! Jack's met a thousand girls in a conventional way, and he wouldn't look a second time at any one of them. No, Alice, my plan's the best. I know my brother. He admires the strong independent type, and I do so want him to like you, to have you make an impression on him. Please."

Alice's eyebrows went up dubiously, but her lips were smiling.

"Isn't that a funny sort of impression to make on one—to meet him at the door of his own home with a wicked-looking revolver and demand to know his business?"

"But you see there's a reason and you can carry it off splendidly," said Cecilia, shaking her dark curls vivaciously. "If I asked Jack down here to meet you, ten chances to one he wouldn't come at all. And if I did happen to present him to you, he would expect to be bored and run away. No, Alice, in a lace dancing frock, with a rose in your hair and French slippers, you wouldn't make a hit at all. We've got to rouse him—to surprise him into attention."

"Um—m, I see."

Alice looked reflective, but at least she did not object further. Cecilia pursued her advantage.

"I know Jack would like you if you had a chance to make your personality felt," she went on eagerly. "You're really just suited to each other; but of course your society manners are just like any other girls, and he fights shy of girls, laughs at them, and calls them vain and dependent on man! Yes, and, secretly, Alice, I think he's afraid of them. I wish I had a picture to show you, but that's another whim of his—he wouldn't have one taken. Oh, he'd just suit you, Alice."

Alice felt herself weakening. She had long been interested in this elusive brother of Cecelia's. She was not frivolous or vain, and she could manage to exist very comfortably without a man about. But Jack Matthews she would just love to conquer.

"Now let me understand this dark and dreadful plot," she said. "If I start, I must go on to a glorious finish."

The Matthews had gone to Sunset, their summer home, for the season, and Alice Carter with her aunt, who acted as chaperone, had arrived a few days later. Jack Matthews was due to appear the following day with some guests. He would come down from a camp in the mountains and as always was his custom drop in and stay a day or two.

It was part of Cecelia's plan to have Alice, with her aunt, go into town for the day, and apparently unaware of the brother's habits, to mistake him for a burglar, when he sought to enter the house, and bravely order him out at the point of a revolver.

Then Jack would explain and apologize, and be duly impressed with the heroic behavior of the strange young lady.

Cecelia insisted on having her hair down and wearing a kimono as though she really mistook him for a robber. The hair down her back would mean a magnificent display of auburn hair, enough to arouse any mortal man.

Alice's aunt would have demurred had she understood their sudden errand to the city, but she was used to the whims of her pretty niece.

After shopping was over and they entered the Matthews home she looked surprised when Alice took a small revolver out of her bag and laid it on the table.

"Goodness, Alice, what's that? You're not afraid, are you? Why, no one can get in without a special key, for the front door, and the rest of the house, is protected by a burglar alarm, and then there's the telephone——"

"I know, Aunt Anna, but it is always best to be on the safe side. No, I'm not a bit afraid."

In truth Alice was afraid, but not of a burglar. She was really in a panic over the thought of meeting Jack Matthews, and fearful lest she should play her part badly.

Then she looked into the mirror. Really the kimono was very becoming and she looked five years younger with her hair down. Her color was high and her blue eyes sparkled.

"You may retire any time you like, Aunty, I am going to read a while."

Aunty was always obedient, so Alice was left alone. She had a book before her, but the meaning of the story was quite lost to her. She was waiting for that click at the front door.

The evening wore on and the stillness deepened. Alice rose and looked at the clock, which was near twelve.

When the clock struck she went into the hall and peered over the railing. She had a strong feeling that something was going to happen.

An instant later the lower door swung open. Alice switched on the hall lights and dashed down the stairs.

"Stand where you are," she commanded loudly. "One step farther and I will shoot, or call the police."

The tall figure before her retreated at sight of the weapon, and reaching fumbling for the door knob.

Even in that moment of intense excitement, Alice was conscious of a shock of disappointment as her eyes fell on the man's face, clearly visible in the bright light. She had expected to see a noble face, but instead——. Why did the man not speak? She wanted to hear his voice.

"What are you doing here" she asked, curiously at ease and controlled. Of course he would declare himself in another minute. As for the meeting of Jack Matthews it was not worth the trip to town.

Then, to Alice's astonishment, as she stood there straight and challenging, the figure of the intruder backed silently over the sill, out

into the shadows of the night, and the door swung between them.

"The coward," muttered Alice. Then in a state of nervous collapse, she sank into the hall chair, and rested her head weakly against the carved back.

"And I drove Jack Matthews out of his own home! O, what a joke——!"

But click! click! the front door latch again! Alice leaned forward in a fascinated way, with the revolver lying idly in her lap, and saw the heavy door swing slowly inward, and a man enter. The newcomer stood in dumb amazement, prepossessing, erect, keen-eyed. He looked at the flaring lights and at the figure huddled in the chair.

Alice was speechless. She knew that this was Jack Matthews—but who was the other? A fit of trembling came over her and her cheeks paled. Her eyes were like those of a frightened child.

"Why, I believe I've scared you terribly," said a hearty ringing voice, with such a comforting sound in it. "I am Jack Matthews and you must be one of Cecelia's friends. Is she here? Why, what's this?" For as Alice drew herself feebly to her feet the revolver fell to the floor.

"There was a burglar—a real burglar, here," she said, brokenly. "I—I ordered him away—and then—you came——"

"Oh, don't faint, you poor child! You're safe now."

Jack's supporting arm was around her and the auburn braids lay against his shoulder. As the girl's lashes lifted shyly, they met a magnetizing gaze that made them fall again.

It was really a pretty tableau that Aunty saw as she peered over the railing.

Early Monday morning Cecelia received two letters, one from Alice, which she hastily scanned, but the other she read more slowly.

"I shall not be down Thursday, with the crowd. Your friend Alice has had an unpleasant shock, and I think life there too gay for her just yet. So I have advised her to remain here for a week or two. And I will stay to see that she and her aunt are properly protected. We will join you later. I will not return to the camp next week, so you will have enough of me after all.

Lovingly, Jack."

Cecelia's face was aglow as she finished. "And I thought it all a farce," she said: "Oh, Jack." Then she tossed back her head and sang softly to herself.

"There's a reason for that,
There's a reason for that,
A very good reason,
A very good reason,
For that."

I. C. D., '13.

Miser Snodgrass' Will

Old man Snodgrass was dead. There was no doubt about it. Bad Dick Henessay knew it, and made an immediate raid on the old man's apple orchard. Ezekiel Hoskins knew it and was bewailing the fact to a store full of neighbors.

"That dum ol' skinflint hain't paid fur that last pound o' prunes," he said. "Them was fust rate, A number one prunes, wuth a quarter if they was wuth a cent. That measly old miser was a-feared he'd up and die afore he had a chance to eat 'em, and he didn't intend to pay for anything he didn't eat, no siree. That gol-dumed critter was so blamed mean that what he'd spend in a year wouldn't have paid for the lodgin' of a mouse, even s'posin' the mouse wus in a trap."

Nahum Skinner took his feet from the top of the stove, solemnly removed his pipe from his mouth and spoke: "Can you tell me whar that thar man's relatives live.

"He haint got any, so fur as I know," remarked Able Jacobs.

"He made a will anyhow" retorted Nahum. "I was a list——I mean I overheard Lawyer Smith a saying that that old fool of a miser had made a will that he reckoned would make the town set up and take notice."

Abli Jacobs swelled up proudly. "I'll bet he left me something, I was always kinder partial tew the old man."

"Yas, you was partial tew him when you sold him that there grey hoss o' yourn," sniffed Hoskins, "oh, you was partial right enough."

"Wall, I told him the darned hoss didn't look well," defended Albe, "he oughter know the hoss was blind."

Thomas Isaacs had sat by the other side of the stove whittling. The "oldest inhabitant" could tell you that the only time when Isaacs wasn't whittling was when he slept. Now he rose sedately and delivered himself.

"Noew, yew all listen tew me. Yew know thet a man what has fit fur his country agin the dang rebels, the muskeeters, and the hard tack, will give an opinion thet is wuth somethin'. That man has left his money fur a new town hall. It stans tew reason; he hain't got no relatives, he hain't got no friends, what else could he dew with it?"

He was interrupted by a disturbance at the door. The loafers around the stove tried to investigate; but the disturbance met them more than half way. Shouting "Mad dog" Dick Henessay came flying down the room, with a large bull-dog in close pursuit. The loafers dispersed rapidly.

Thomas Isaacs, who had gone behind the counter, tried to get under it, but being a stout man the equilibrium of several jars of molasses left "to be called for" was upset and the breaking of one caused him considerable discomfiture.

Abel Jacobs, in eager haste to escape, fell over the stove bringing its wrath down upon his own head, in the form of soot.

Ezekiel Hoskins tried to climb the shelves of merchandise with the result that they left from the wall and precipitated him and their rightful contents to the floor.

When the dust had cleared Hoskins appeared vainly endeavoring to remove from his head a box bearing in bold relief: "There's a reason" and "Battle Creek, Mich."

Yes, there was a reason. Dick Henassay told afterward that a good imitation of a mad dog was one that had a piece of soap in his mouth. When matters had righted themselves, Ezekiel Hoskins noticed a placard placed near the door.

NOTICE.

As being of general import to the community at large, the will of the late Obadiah Snodgrass, of this town, deceased, will be read by me, Henry Smith, lawyer, in the town hall in this town, Marvinport, N. H., on the twentieth day of November, nineteen hundred and twelve.

The following is an accurate copy of the will as read by Smith. The reader is left to imagine the feelings of the towns-people, as they cannot be described.

"I, Obadiah Snodgrass, of this town of Marvinport, New Hampshire, being of sound mind and body, though feeling that my last hour is not far away, hereby do make my last will and testament.

"I leave to Abel Jacobs $1000 provided that he post a record in the town clerk's office of all the sneaking horse trades he has made. This bequest to be forfeited if he fail to post even one of the same.

"I leave to Thomas Isaacs $500 provided that he can show that he ever earned one one-hundredth of that amount.

"I leave to Ezekiel Hoskins $.50 to pay for the prunes I bought, and hope he will invest them in better prunes than those I had.

"I leave to Amanda Skinner $1000, provided she can mention one person in this town that she has not slandered.

"I leave to Nahum Skinner $50 as a compensation for having to live with such a wife.

"I leave to Ezra Maury $100 with which to buy him a coffin.

"I leave to Ezekiel Hoskins $1000 in addi-

tion to my other bequest, provided he can show that he ever gave a customer full weight or measure.

"I leave to that quack Doctor Phipps $100, provided he will take a course of his own treatment for rheumatism.

"I leave to Miss Jennie Milliken $100 to have her tongue cut out, being the worst liar in this world or the next.

"I leave to the whole town the hope that they may all be burned in a big fire that will destroy the town with them, being the worst mess of thieves, liars, slanderers, sneaks and cut-throats that was ever produced.

"Should any of the above bequests be forfeited, I leave the forfeits together with the residue of my estate, amounting to $10,000, to Jonathan Barker, the only man in this town who has not slandered, lied to, or tricked me; as he is deaf and dumb.

"To this I affix my hand and seal this fourth day of November, 1912.

Obadiah Snodgrass."

C. A. P., '13.

Electricity

To civilized people, electricity seems to be one of the seven wonders of the world. During recent extensive excavations near the great pyramid of Cheops not a piece of wire of any sort was found. This proves that wireless was known about 2000 B. C.

Electricity is pretty thoroughly understood to-day. It is composed of eleven letters of the alphabet. It has always been well known to cats, who use it as a lubricant for their fur. Man has not yet learned to use it on his hair, hence he is mostly bald-headed. Amber pipes are said to be full of electricity, but as amber is too expensive, cats are to be preferred, as they can be rubbed and stroked more conveniently.

A fairly good quality of electricity is found in lightning. Few persons aside from Hon. Ben. Franklin care to monkey with it.

There are two kinds of electricity: (1) static electricity, such as found in cat-and-dog fights, your wife's switch, etc; (2) galvanic electricity, first found by Galvani in a dead frog. It should be termed "frogic electricity" in honor of the poor little frog. This variety may also be found in the human elbow, and can be felt nicely when the elbow is hit on a certain spot. The same kind is also found in the head. If struck correctly sparks and even stars can be seen.

As a general rule electricity and man are enemies. The greatest prey of it is the farmer who, when visiting a hotel in the city, often tries to cut off electric light bulbs for souvenirs. I said he tries. After he has picked himself out of the corner and dusted off his clothes he concludes that the hotel can use the light to better advantage than himself.

Another well-known victim of this mysterious fluid is the obliging citizen who delights in picking up a broken trolley wire, so people won't stumble over it, as this might damage the bright wire. After he has done a dance that has the "turkey trot" stopped a mile, he makes up his mind that after all he is not paid to amuse the delighted by-standers and so leaves the trolley wire to its fate.

Another sworn enemy is the "fixer." This individual's knowledge of electricity is usually based on the fact that he has switched on and off the parlor lights numberless times, not to forget the time he connected two dry batteries to the door bell. True it did not work even then, but that was the fault of the batteries, not his.

Thus when his wife informs him that the lamp in the bedroom has gone on a strike, of course he can fix it in a minute. He turns the switch on and off about fifty times, which, however, does not turn night into day. He sees that the bulb is intact so the trouble is of course in the socket. The experienced eye locates the trouble in a second. He read once that no current can pass unless there is a good contact. He calls for the kitchen knife to scrape the contact clean.

He has just gotten well under way, when suddenly a great light dawns on him. His whole inside and outside seemed to be filled with a great flash of blue-green light. After the fire engines and the police had departed, and the doctor had left our friend, well bandaged and tucked in bed, he calls for his lawyer and together they draw up a complaint against the electric light company for assault and battery, incendiarism and attempted murder in the first degree.

Moral:—Don't monkey with the buzz-fluid.

By "Rex."

The Stars

Since men have lived upon this grand old earth,
We've gazed upon the planets in the sky,
We've looked from off this land that gave us birth,
Up to those worlds some Power hath set on high.
Astronomers have thought that they have learned
The secret of those starry points of light.
Astrologers have vainly striven, and burned
To gain into the future some dim sight.
The Wizard of the North of them hath told,
Yet little of those worlds we really know,
How little after all, the planets old:
Our progress in this world is sure—but slow.
We long to understand the things that are;
Still we ourselves do live but on a star.

—L. C.

Lucile's Lesson

It was a small and select company of about a dozen Sophomores that gathered in Florence Lawson's room to enjoy the spread that had been sent by her mother. The girls were so busy eating, that silence had held dominion over the room for the last two minutes. Finally it was broken by Lucile Conway, a tall, graceful girl.

"Don't you think Alice Townsend is the funniest girl you ever saw?"

"Yes, she acts as if she wouldn't dare say her soul was her own," said Margaret Richardson.

"I don't believe she is anybody, anyway," resumed Lucile. "Still her clothes are always nice enough."

"It makes me tired," flashed pretty, dark-haired Barbara Graves, "to have you judge people that you don't know. Alice Townsend is an awfully nice girl, when you get acquainted with her. She is rather reserved, but she's a lot of fun. I am going to have a spread in a week or two and I'm going to invite her, so you can all get acquainted with her."

"I should be afraid to say or do anything for fear of shocking her," Lucile answered.

"You needn't be afraid of that," Barbara assured her.

About two weeks later, the same girls, with the addition of Alice Townsend, were gathered in Barbara's "single." They were all seated on sofa-pillows on the floor, and were chatting busily.

"Oh girls," cried Barbara, "let's have Lucile make us some marshmallow fudge. You will, won't you, Lucile? You can make it better than I can."

"Oh yes, I suppose I will. Where's your stuff?"

While Lucile donned Barbara's big apron, Barbara was flying around to collect her various materials which were scattered about the room. Soon the little gas plate had been lighted and the fudge was boiling merrily, presided over by Lucile.

Lucile was wearing a thin, white shirt-waist which had long sleeves with a frill extending half-way to her elbow. She had the spoon in her hand, and had her head turned around, as she was talking to the girls. A slight movement of her hand brought the frill on her sleeve too near the flame, and it caught fire. The flames spread quickly up the frill and reached the thin sleeve, before they were noticed by Lucile. Feeling something hot against her arm, she turned suddenly and uttered a shrill cry.

The girls glanced up quickly with exclamations of "What's the matter?" Alice Townsend was sitting nearest Lucile and was the

first to perceive the danger. Jumping nimbly to her feet, she seized a small rug which lay before Barbara's dressing-table, and wrapped it around Lucile.

The flames were soon extinguished, and the extent of the injuries was learned. Lucile's arm had not been badly burned, but Alice's hands were scorched and blistered.

Alice had grown very pale, and in another minute she sank in a little heap on the floor. While some of the girls were attending to Lucile, and others were assisting Alice to the divan, Florence and Margaret were dispatched to tell the Dean of the accident and to get the College doctor.

While they were gone, Alice had regained consciousness and was staring vaguely around the room. It seemed to be a great effort for her to talk, so the girls were very quiet when Florence and Margaret returned with the Dean and the doctor. Miss Morris, the doctor, first gave her attention to Lucile, who was suffering with her arm. After it had been dressed, she was ordered to go to her room.

The doctor then turned to Alice, and, after examining her carefully and dressing her arm, shook her head gravely and spoke a few quiet words to the Dean. Miss Morris, who was very strong, lifted Alice gently in her arms and carried her to her room down the corridor. All night the doctor sat by her. She tossed very wildly, calling for her mother many times.

Lucile's burns did not prove to be very deep, so in the morning she was allowed to get up. The first thing she did was to go down to Alice's room.

"How is she this morning?" she asked very quietly of Miss Morris.

"She is in a pretty serious condition. I shall have her moved to the infirmary, I think. She hasn't slept much all night. I think we ought to send for her mother, for she has kept calling for her."

"Oh, Miss Morris, to think that she did it for me, and that it was all through my carelessness," sobbed Lucile.

"There, dear, she'll be all right in a few weeks, we hope. I think the Dean is here in the building. Suppose you see if you can find her, and have her telegraph at once to Alice's mother."

Lucile sped down the stairs and turned the corner, where she met the Dean.

"Oh, Miss Kent, Miss Townsend is very much worse this morning," she began excitedly, "and Miss Morris thinks you had better telegraph to her mother to come."

"Oh, I am very sorry to hear that she is worse. I will telegraph immediately. Thank you, Miss Conway."

"Where is Alice's home, Miss Kent? Will it take her mother long to get here?"

"Why, her home is in New York City. Her father is a wealthy banker. Have you never heard of him?"

"No, I don't believe I have. Thank you, Miss Kent."

Lucile was so amazed, she scarcely knew what she said or did. She saw Barbara coming down the corridor, and rushing up to her, exclaimed:

"Why, Barbara Graves, what do you think? Alice Townsend's father is a very wealthy New York banker."

"Really?"

"You'd never know it by her actions, would you? Wasn't she a perfect darling last night? Oh, Barbsie, I'm so sorry I said what I did about her."

Before long, Mrs. Townsend arrived. She was a stylishly-dressed, but a very quiet and refined woman, who won her way into the hearts of all the girls.

Alice soon began to grow better, and after a little was able to sit up. During this time, Lucile was in Alice's room constantly, when she did not have recitations. The two girls became the best of friends, and, after Alice was well, nothing was ever planned by the girls in which she did not have an active part. Lucile was heard one day to say to one of the girls:

"Alice Townsend has taught me a lesson I shall never forget—never to judge people until I know them."

K. M. K., 1914.

What and Where Among the Alumnæ

Charles Morse, '12, John Cooty, '12, Arthur Levy, '12, Ernest Gilbert, '11, Harry Holden, '11, Willard Smith, '11, Carl Bloomer, '11, Dyer Merriam, '10, Asa Bloomer, '08, Rollin Worden, '09, Earl Worden, '09, and Edward Pease, '08, students from U. V. M., were in Rutland during the Easter vacation.

Florence Butler, '11, Harriett Grandy, '11, Annie Hulihan, Charles Jones, '11, Adelaide Ross, '10, and Carrol Ross, '12, students from Middlebury College, were at their homes during the Easter recess.

Marjorie Bates, '08, formerly of this city, now of Pittsfield, Mass., has been in Rutland for several weeks.

Florence Holland, '11, has gone to Boston, where she will spend several months with relatives.

Irene Phillips, '12, has returned from Malone, N. Y., where she has been visiting relatives.

Doris Gardner, '11, who has completed her musical course in Burlington, has gone to New York to study music.

Ruby Nichols, '11, who is taking the nurses' training course in the Rutland City Hospital, has been out on a case.

Robert Watkins, '11, is studying at T. C. A.

Mrs. Harold Congdon, Roxie Anger, '09, of Wallingford, has been spending the Easter vacation in Rutland.

Molly Pearsons, '05, who teaches in Montpelier, is at her home in Cuttingsville.

Walter McGuirk, '08, from Middlebury College spent the Easter vacation with his parents in East Wallingford.

Belle Hayward, '11, has returned to Mt. Holly after a vacation of ten weeks.

Charles Fleming, '11, of U. V. M., has been spending the vacation in Rutland.

Buell Hascall, '11, and Edward Gosselin, '11, students from Yale College; Lloyd Aldrich, '11, from Tufts; Ruth Chalmers, '11, Marion Ballou, students from Holyoke College; Irene Copps, '11, Frances Dunn, '12, and Mildred Vincent, '12, students from Smith College; Dorothy Sawyer, '12, who is attending Bradford's Academy; Fred Stafford, '10, from Amherst; Fred Platt, '08, Robert McCammon, '11, John Moloney, '11, Hyman Abraham, '12, and Paul Howley, '09, students from Dartmouth College; Lawrence Jones, '12, and Philip Murdick, students at Worcester Polytechnic; Rollin Burditt, '10, and Carl Brehmer,' 10, students from Norwich University; Gail Proctor, '10, and Mary Aldrich, '10, from Pratt Institute; Florence O'Neil, '11, from the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, were in Rutland during the Easter vacation.

Richard Creed, '12, a student at Norwich University, has been awarded a scholarship for West Point.

Marion Dana, '99, has returned to Exeter, N. H., where she teaches school, after spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dana on Madison St.

Ednah Buckbee, '11, formerly of Rutland, has returned to Albany, N. Y., after spending several weeks in town.

Elinor Lyman, '12, is taking a course in nursing at a child's Hospital in San Francisco, Cal.,

Idah Loomis, '12, is taking the teachers' training course at R. H. S.

Ednah Blanchard, '08, and Coulman Westcott were married April 9, 1913. They will live in Schenectady.

Maude Bissell, '06, has returned from Burlington, where she has been visiting relatives.

Mildred Leffingwell, '08, who is teaching in Brandon, has returned after spending the spring vacation with her parents on Pleasant street.

Robert Anthony, '12, has returned to Norwich after spending the Easter vacation in Rutland.

Miss Helen Martin has returned to Simmons College in Boston after spending the Easter vacation at her home in Rutland.

Edith Hoag, '09, and Herbert Holbrook, of Kingston, N. Y., were married April 8th at the home of the bride.

Grace Sage, '09, of New York City has been visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Sage of Church street.

Ruth Provo, '12, has returned to Mill village after a trip to Providence, R. I.

Arthur Johnson, '08, has resumed his studies at U. V. M. after spending a few days in this city.

Locals

Waiter:—"Do you take milk in your coffee, Hodges?"
Hodges:—"No, cream."

M. M. sets the boys on the Washington trip a bad example by the "spirits" she carries in her hand bag.

Ask Grady how he likes unexpected cold plunges.

The Cake Walk at the "National" was certainly a niggers' heaven.

Who was the senior who almost lost his train coming home from New York because he waited a half an hour in the Lennox Library, thinking it was Grand Central Station?

Marie:—"I wonder if they are doing the "Turkey" down in the parlor."
Janet:—"What, for dinner?"

For information concerning the difference between the Lennox Library in New York and the Grand Central Station, see "Chicken."

J. F.:—"I'm just getting my spirits up."
R. B.:—"Maude has hers down."

Who was the senior who thought she could get six new nickels for a quarter at the treasury in Washington? Ask Doris.

The clerk at the National had been told to wake the Rutland party at 5:30 A. M.
Clerk (over 'phone):—"It's 5:30."
Sleepy voice:—"No, this isn't 5:30. It's 101."

Miss Pease, looking at a French motto on a plate; "Is that French or Latin?"

Two seniors stranded in New York were talking over their cash accounts.
First girl:—"We had the same yesterday. How does it happen that you have five cents more than I have to-day?"
Second girl:—"Oh, don't you remember? You had an orange for breakfast and I had stewed prunes."

When Grady was called on in Latin one morning he answered:—"Why I haven't done my Latin. The flood was down our way last night."

"At the Grand"
"Catozzi catching dicers."

Does anyone know how Wiff happened to lose his hat going to Washington?

We hope Rex will not tell any more exciting stories to the teacher about the washout.

For some unknown reason Ed F—x was very anxious to get home Sunday afternoon. No doubt he has relatives in Fair Haven,—also R. B.

We suggest Hydeville as a summer resort. There is an excellent hotel there.

Anton was so bewildered Sunday morning April 6, that he couldn't tell the difference between a library and a station. Nevertheless he got there just the same.

Fox was so interested in the scenery and the station at Washington that he got on the wrong train. We're glad he wasn't lonesome.

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Members of the school are strongly urged to patronize the advertisers in "The Oread" as far as possible.

Some of the young gentlemen were awakened one morning at an early hour that they might see the Flat Iron building burn to the ground. How delightful!

Who was Jeannette's friend on the train from Philadelphia to New York? We wonder.

According to a certain instructor the pupils of room 3 sit in space. Are they aeronauts or angels?

S. employs latin pronunciation in English recitation. Poor Narkissus (Narcissus).

Some members of the Washington party wondered why "Chicken" Howard liked to remain so long in the Congressional Library. (Oh, you with the red hat!)

Socks (on a street car):—"I wonder what the conductors have those whistles for." (We assume he meant the change holders.)

When Locke went into the White House he said to the guard;—"Don't you want my camera?"

Guard:—"Do you want me to give it to the President?"

Hoboes Paridise Room 307

Davis (on street car to newsboy):—"Have you change for a dollar?"

Newsboy:—"No."

"Change for a quarter?"

"No."

"Change for a dime?"

"No."

"Have you a change of underwear?"

Rice: on car near Arlington: Is there a cafe on this car!

Rice: when nearing Arlington: Are we anywhere near Rheno!

Rice: on trip to Mt. Vernon: There are the barracks.

Perkins: What are they for?

Davis: To keep bears in.

Why did the managers of the hotel go so frequently to 203.

Exchanges

The Oread acknowledges with thanks the following exchanges: "Adelphian," Brooklyn, N. Y.; "Amygdaloid," Houghton, Mich.; "Argonant," Mansfield, Mass.; "Black and Gold," Honolulu, Hawai; "Blue and Gray," Roland Park, M. D.; "Bulletin," Montclair, N. J.; "Cazenovian," Cazenovia, N. Y.; "Chronicle," Hartford, Conn.; "Coburn Clarion," Waterville, Me.; "Columbia Collegian." Milton, Ore.; "Daleville Leader," Daleville, Va.; "Granitian," Salt Lake City, Utah; "Hermonite." Mt. Hermon. Mass.; "High School Herald," Westfield, Mass.; "High School Recorder," Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; "Magpie," New York, N. Y.; "Odessaite," Odessa, Wash.; "Ogdensburg Academy," Ogdensburg, N. Y.; "Owl," Middletown, N. Y.; "Racquet," Portland, Me.; "Reveille," Northfield, Vt.; "Sphinx," Newark, N. J.; "Tolo," Seattle, Wash.; "Totem," Springfield, Vt.; "Academy Life," Saxtons River, Vt.

The new exchanges received this month are: "The Argonant," "The Amygdaloid" and "The Coburn Clarion."

"The Argonant"—Here is a paper well balanced in all departments. The cuts and exchange criticisms are especially good.

"The Amygdaloid"—A table of contents would improve your paper.

"The Racquet"—Where are your jokes in the February number? Without these your paper appears dull.

AS OTHERS SEE US

Oread—Devote more space to exchanges and do not run your advertisements in before the end of your last department.—Blue and Gray.

Oread—Why not have your exchanges and jokes separated by at least one blank line.—Cazenovian.

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TELEPHONE 388-M

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The Freshman number of the Oread is a fine one. The idea of connecting scenes of the Balkan war with events in ancient history is a splendid one.

There was a young lady at Vassar,
Who went up to a teacher to Sassar;
Next year she came back,
Much wiser alack!
For nary a teacher would Passar.—Ex.

Teacher:—"Define kiss."

She (blushing):—"A noun, both common and proper, and seldom declined."—Ex.

Little drops of water poured into the milk give the milkman's daughter lovely gowns of silk.—Ex.

Prof.—"What verse in the Bible best describes a college student."

Student:—"They toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.—Ex.

Little boy:—"Mother, we found some horseshoes. May we play blacksmith?"

Mother:—"Why, certainly; go out in the kitchen and shoo the flies."

Teacher:—"Now, Willie, if you'll show me a dirtier hand in the whole class, I'll not give you a licking."

Willie:—"Here's my other hand."

MODERN CONVENIENCE.

"Grace?"
"Yes, dear."
"May I smoke here in the parlor?"
"No, Jim, father would put you out."
"Put me out?"
"I am afraid so."
"Well, Grace?"
"Yes, dear."
"The lamp's smoking—" (and there was darkness.—Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.

Doc.—"My father weighed only four pounds at his birth."

Fred—"Good gracious! Did he live?" —Ex.

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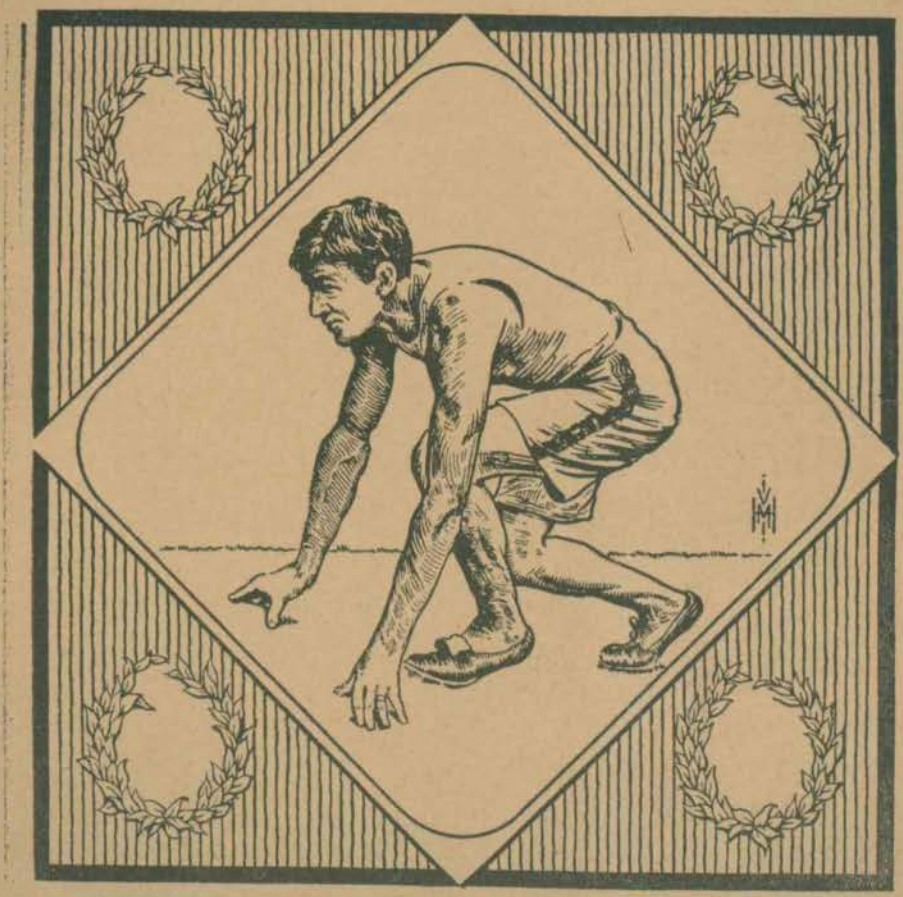
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The Oread



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Published by the Rutland High School, Rutland, Vt.

May, 1913

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SOCIETY

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PRESCRIPTIONS

Hot Drinks — The Rexall Store

HOTEL BARDWELL

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INCORPORATED NOVEMBER, 1850

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The Oread

VOL. VII. — MAY, 1913. — No. 8.

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THE OREAD is published monthly during the school year by the students. Subscription price, 75 cents a year. Single copies, 10 cents.

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at Rutland, Vt., Dec. 13, 1910, under Act of March 3, 1879.

Editorials

With this issue the OREAD comes into the hands of the new board. It is the aim of the staff to keep the paper up to its present standard, to better it, if we are able, making it as good as the paper of any other high school of equal size. But the board alone cannot do this. We must have the interest and support of the whole school. If the OREAD is to be a school paper, it must be represented by the school, not merely by the board. Each pupil should feel responsible for its success. Every member of every class should contribute something. Above all, we need stories and Locals. Do not say that you cannot write until you have tried. You can at least hand in alumni notes and Locals. They add greatly to the interest of the paper and it is impossible for the editors alone to secure many. If every one would read our exchanges and find out what other schools are doing, it would, perhaps, arouse an interest in our paper. It is only by the co-operation of the board and the rest of the school that the OREAD can be made the success that you desire it to be and that the school merits.

During the past several weeks a great deal of interest has been created, not only among the high school students, but among the general public as well, by several debates, which have been a part of the work required of the Junior English Classes. Besides minor ones, which were held nearly every day in class, there were two very interesting debates held in Assembly Hall. These two were well attended by the public, and much talk was created by the excellent manner in which they were handled. These debates are a great help to the students, and have been highly commended by the editors of the local newspapers, who have written several articles upon them, in their editorials. Let us hope this good work will be continued, as it is a great help in training one to express one's opinions on any question, without regard to anyone's else.

The Diary of Mr. A. V. Ator

OCTOBER 30.

Poor Tod struggled hard to bring her back but with all his skill in piloting aeroplanes, he did not succeed. He descended with full power on at a terrific rate of speed and landed with a crash in a neighboring sugar cane field. I with several others rushed over to the mass of splintered wood, twisted steel and wire, and extracted Tod from the wreckage. We noticed that he was still breathing, so we rushed him to the nearest hospital. But Tod was so badly mangled that he died on the way.

The funeral was held several days ago, and it was said to be the largest ever witnessed on this island.

NOVEMBER 8.

Just arrived at Tod's home in Manchester, Ohio. I learned today the possibility of the accident. While speaking with Mrs. Shriver I was informed that Tod was subject to cramps. And because of his being a skillful licensed aviator, this to my knowledge can be the only possible cause of his fall.

MAY 28

Am in Rocky Hill, N. J., where we have located a small factory. Have been building an all steel "Red Devil" Baldwin biplane, since last Christmas and have it now about completed.

JUNE 21

Am in Mineola about ready to give first tests to new 'plane. Met a young fellow recently, by name of Rausenburger, who has installed in my machine, his newly invented 80 H. P. motor. If this motor proves satisfactory I will purchase it.

JUNE 22

New 'plane flew without any adjustments whatever. When once in the air she flies on half power and then just floats up like a balloon.

JULY 3

Arrived in DuBois, Pa., today.

JULY 4

Have filled my first public exhibition with new outfit. The 'plane and motor are wonders. I can get off in 150 feet, climb at the rate of 600 feet a minute, travel 65 miles an hour, and gain any altitude I please.

JULY 20

Arrived in Allance, O., this A. M. Gus has arranged to give exhibitions during the Alliance merchant trade days, commencing tomorrow morning.

JULY 21

Made two flights yesterday. Just received a wire from Earl Sandt who smashed his machine in a bad accident at East Liverpool, asking me to come over and fill the rest of his exhibitions. I answered him that I would fly over the next day after closing my date at Alliance.

JULY 22

Arrived in East Liverpool just 50 minutes after my start from Alliance, quite tired and hungry from my long flight. I ate a lunch while my mechanics filled the empty tanks with gasoline and oil.

When I returned to the field everything was in readiness for me. I examined the machine thoroughly, before starting on my first exhibition flight. Then the motor was started and I signaled to let go. I arose in a graceful glide headed for a large pottery factory, with the object of giving its employees a good view of the machine. I was directly over the pottery when I felt a hot blast of air in my face. Suddenly, as if lifted by some unknewn hand, the plane tilted sidewise and downward at a dangerous angle. I fought very hard, using both extra power and my controls to regain an even keel. After a few exciting moments, I succeeded in gaining a level position. Thinking something was wrong I turned at once for my starting place. After landing I examined everything but found nothing out of order. Then the thought came to my mind, that while flying over the pottery the hot blasts of air from the chimneys rising rapidly upward had caught one end of my 'plane tending to make that rise and also giving me a perilous position. On my second ascent I carefully avoided the pottery.

After giving three more flights I started on my return journey for Alliance. I climbed rapidly, circled the town and then looked for the railroad track that I used as a guide. I had climbed to such a height that the tracks appeared like two pieces of thin thread stretched out below me. After leaving the city I had to descend several times to get my bearings, because of heavy fog banks that obstructed my view.

I arrived at Alliance at just 6:10 making a little better time on my return than I did going. During that afternoon I was in the air two hours and forty-five minutes, covered over 150 miles, flew over sixteen towns, gave exhibition flights in two different states and covered 100 miles in going and coming between two cities.

JULY 23

We leave to morrow for Bellefountain, Ohio.

C. H. S. '14

(To be continued.)

The Lost City

We were partners, Jack Carelton and I. He looked after the business end, while I tended to the flying part. Those were great days for the aviator. The novelty of the aeroplane had not yet worn off, and its commercial value was just beginning to be realized. Between the work in exhibition and the instruction of beginners we had a regular mint. But just then we were looking for adventure, not money. Well, we found it all right. Yes, sir, for a time we were kings of as nice a bit of country as you could wish to see. But a mighty hard job it was, that of being king, and nothing like it is cracked up to be. You see, after a while we became too confident—but perhaps you would like to hear the story from the beginning.

The way it came about was thus: One day when we were in Peru Jack ran onto a crazy old German, who told him of a lost city that was supposed to be some three hundred miles inland, and inaccessible—except, perhaps thru the air. Carelton did not put much stock in the story till the German showed up a few blue diamonds, which were said to have come from the lost city in former times. That made a difference, you may be sure! Those diamonds were as good as anything that ever came out of Brazil. Jack immediately started to get the fellow drunk, so that we could pump him dry of any information that he might have. It cost Jack $10, for the Dutchman was as hard headed as a viking. But the information was worth it.

When he had learned all that the German knew about the country and its people, Carelton came to me. Of course I was only too anxious to have a look at the place, even if I didn't know anything about it. So one day in September with all the gasoline we could carry; provisions for three days; and two rifles, with which we hoped to be able to obtain some fresh meat, we set out.

The first night in camp, Jack said that he had caught traces of the lost city, tho he would not tell me what they were. He sat up all night. going over his maps and notes. He was a careful man, was Jack, and had made notes of everything the German scientist had said. However, there was no need for him to have lost sleep. The next day a storm came, and we stayed in camp for five days. Then, not having anything in particular to eat, except the luricating oil, we decided to make a try for the coast, storm or no storm.

The way we cut up in that wind was enough to make one think of a drunken aviator trying to do the Dutch-Roll. Every minute I expected to feel the wings buckle up, but they didn't. In spite of the storm, I think I would have made it if had not been for Carelton. But no machine could stand that wrenching and carry a passenger, Just as we were over a deep valley, the crash came. Down we plunged, landing with a crash that sent our motor thru the planes. Nothing but an extra large spread of wings had saved us from death.

"Now see what you've done: yourself and your confounded city," I cried to Carelton. "Spoiled the best motor I ever cranked up. What have you to say for yourself?" He had nothing whatever. Accordingly we sat down to think, that being the only thing to do under the circumstances.

"Bill," said Jack after a while, "This is the country we are looking for. I know from the description the old German gave of it. All we have to do now is hunt among these mountains till we find the place where they have their largest temple. That is where they will have the bulk of the treasure."

"A lot of good it will do us, if we do find it," I replied. "You say no one can come here except thru the air. How, then, are we to get out?" I thought that would stagger him, but it didn't.

"Bill," he cried, "we won't want to get out—at least not right off. Here we are in as nice a country as you could ask for, with never a policeman to tell us to move on— which can't be said of every place we have been in. They have a poor government here, and a bum king, I'll wager you. Why can't we throw that king out, and rule here ourselves? We have rifles and they haven't. Then, when we have found some way out of this place, we will strip the country of everything valuable and leave."

If he had said that two days before, I would have thought him crazy. But at that time it somehow seemed a fine plan.

Pretty soon we saw a bunch of men coming down the valley. Even at a distance we could see that they were not Indians. They were white, and remarkably well built.

"This is the beginning of the business," said Carelton. "We have stumbled onto our people for sure." And so we had.

We let the men come pretty near, and then we dropped a couple of bullets at their feet. Down they fell on their faces, as tho struck by lightening.

"Bill," said Carelton, "they think we're gods, and so gods we'll be, till we get out of here," which was good common sense, even if it did sound strange.

Then we walked over to them slow and haughty like, and rubbed our noses all around, just to show there were no hard feelings. After that we made them march before us till we came to a place they called Ur. Jimmie Green was chief there, and a friend of ours he was too. Of course Green was not his real name, you understand. We just called him that for convenience. And so it was that we came to our first village, just as tho we had dropped from the skies, which we had. But it was not the Lost City, I knew that even before Carelton told me.

The first thing we did was to make for the temple—they had a temple there. Made from a sort of red sand stone, it was, and perched on the top of a little hill. It looked for all the world as tho they had cut the top off a pyramid and then built a big tomb there. We entered and walked up to a big brass idol that was there.

All the priests and people were watching us, the walls of the temple being nothing but a row of pillars, so we saw that something had to be done to impress them. Carelton grabbed the brass god by the hand, and made a sort of salute. Then I'll be darned if that old idol didn't salute us! Yes sir, that chunk of brass made as pretty a bow as you could wish to see!

"By the gods," cried Carelton, "I believe there is a hidden spring in the thing's hand. If the people don't know about it, this will make us kings for sure. See if you can't make the idol say something."

I used to be a fair amatuer ventriloquist, and so I was able to make the old image give a regular speech, telling as how we were the real goods when it came to being gods. All the while Jack kept the god's hands wagging, by pressing on the spring. The people could not understand what the god was saying, but they guessed at his meaning. That settled it. At first they had thought we were only a couple of second class gods. Now they knew that we were the whole heavens—and perhaps a few devils to boot. We had won the people of that place, all right.

The first thing every day, we would go to the temple and take a seat just a little higher than that of the god. Then the people would come in and pay their respects. Those were our orders, for we knew that we had to keep up the impression that we were gods, if we wanted to live. Then we would drill the army.

And a fine army it was, too. You see we had learned that there were about a dozen villages in that region; every one always fighting with the other. We knew that with a few well trained men we could easily gain control of a country like that. Accordingly we had picked out fifty of the likeliest looking men in the village, and had shown them how to make and use a long-bow. They had known nothing about bows or arrows till we came, which was strange, seeing how well civilized they were.

After about a month of this, when we had learned the language fairly well, we decided it was time to see the rest of the country. So with part of the army, and one of the rifles, I started South. Jack took the rest of the army, and the other rifle, and went North.

I overawed the two towns that I came to, without any trouble to speak of. They were a poor lot, anyhow, with no temple, and mighty poor houses. I left two of the army in each place, to rule in our names. But I didn't find anything that looked like the place we were after.

Then I went back to Ur, and drilled some more men, till Jack should return. When I had about sixty men all equipped I saw Carelton, with an army and a string of priests behind him, and an imitation brass band in front, coming down the valley. Jack was always a man to make a great show, anyhow.

"Bill," said he, "we're kings now for sure. And a mighty fine country it is, even if our subjects are a trifle blood-thirsty, and stand in need of a beating now and then. There are six villages about the same size as this one. Some 12,000 men in all, I should say. And I've found the temple, too. Up North it is, a three days march from here. It is a wonderful place, Bill, even if everything but the main building is in ruins. But that is not all; they say that there is a real live god in that temple. If anyone, except the priests or chiefs, goes near there the god is supposed to kill him, tho I would rather think that it was the priests themselves that do the trick. Bill, there must be an awful amount of treasure there if they have to guard it with stories like this. But I'm going to have everything that I can carry away, if I die for it. Aint I as much of a god as any of their old tin idols? I would like to see the heathen god that could keep an honest Christian like myself from a choice bit of plunder."

"Look here, Jack," said I, "we are in a strange country, with no one on our side, unless it is Jimmie Green and a few of his men. These people are afraid of their priests and chiefs, and the chiefs are jealous of us. If you go meddling with that temple you will have the whole country down about you. Then what will you do? Can't you at least wait till we are fairly well established here? Besides, how can you get away even if you do loot the temple?"

"Bill," he replied, "you're a good man, and I have no fault to find with you. But you don't seem to get onto the hang of being king. Not that you do not help me; you have a fine little army here to back us up in a pinch. But you are no good when it comes to statesmanship. Now the first thing *I* did when I saw the temple, was to find out some priest who had a grudge against the rest. Crosseye is the name of the man I found, tho the people call him something different. He is going to show me where the jewels are, and then we will get away by a secret pass that he alone knows of." I knew the man that Jack spoke of, and I knew him to be a treacherous old schemer. Wanted to be king himself, he did, and told Jack so, too.

"I know all about that," Carelton answered, "and it is in our favor. He will want to get us out of the country, so that we will not be in his way. But I don't think he will be able to hurt us, even if he has a mind to. You see I have arranged to have a regular celebration up in that temple. We will be there, with all the priests and chiefs. With what the German told me and what I have learned from the people, if I can't do something to make them think that we are

gods for fair, I will give up. But I will do something that will astonish them more than the little affair with the idol at Ur did. See if I don't."

What was the use of arguing with a man like that? I began to prepare for the worst. I called Jimmie Green to me and asked him what he thought of it all. He did not like our plans, loyal to us as he was. Even tho he was a chief, and therefore, according to Carelton's theory, in on the secret of the temple, he seemed to believe that the god had power to kill.

"But you are gods yourselves," he said, "and will have nothing to fear from a brother god. But look out for Old Crosseye, for he is a liar. Do not trust him."

The country to the North was mostly rocky and all cut up by little ravines. It was made for ambuscades. Jimmie Green and I kept the army where it could be of use in case of treachery, which we feared. But Jack seemed as happy as could be. He was thinking, no doubt, of the way he would astonish those old priests.

"Carelton," said I, "why wont you watch those old schemers?"

"What is the use of being a king, if you can't do as you darned please," he laughed. "You have the army, haven't you? Then you watch out for the old schemers and let the king enjoy himself,"

When the temple hove in sight, Jimmie Green came to me.

Said he, "My people tell me that the priests have been saying that you are only men. Of course when they see you in the temple they will think different. However, you had better be on your guard. I will keep near you and in case of trouble I will have my men back you up."

That bothered me a lot, for Jimmie was not a man to say anything without good grounds. We were playing a mean trick on Jimmie, anyhow. There he was, running his neck into a noose on our accounts, and trusting to our imagined divinity to save him. I was interrupted in my thoughts by Jack. We had come to the foot of the road leading to the temple, and we saw a crowd of bowmen lining both sides of it.

"The men I trained, when I was up this way before," he said proudly. "They are almost as good as the fellows you spent two months on. Old Crosseye says that they are here to escort us to the temple. Mighty pretty of them, isn't it?"

"Mighty cute of Old Crosseye, I should say. He has enough men here to crush our people, even if we aid them with our rifles."

"Don't be so gloomy! They think we are gods, and they will think we are devils, too, when I get thru with them."

When we came near the temple we expected to see the bowmen fall back, because of the fear of the god. But they went right on and surrounded the temple. Evidently they feared Crosseye more that they did the god. Also it appeared that Crosseye was not going to give us any chance to escape. The bowmen even tried to crowd Jimmie Green's men away from us. But Jimmie was onto his job, and soon made them give way. Then when we saw our men between us and the enemy, we entered the temple.

The general plan of the interior was that of a huge bee-hive, with a great round opening at the top. It was wonderful. Somehow it reminded me of a model of the pantheon, which I had once seen. But it was not the temple that caused Jack and I to stare, wonderful as it was. What made us stop was the sight of a huge statue of Neptune, and the statue was of gold! Even Carelton was staggered by the marvelous sight. But only for an instant did he hesitate. With an oath he walked across the temple and stood in front of the god.

"Bill," he cried, "this is the greatest thing we ever stumbled onto. We have enough gold here to buy New York!"

"Not yet we haven't, not by a long shot," I muttered.

Then we sat down in front of the statue and motioned to the priests to begin their show.

Very pretty their actions were, and interesting too, no doubt. Only I was too busy wondering how I was to get out alive, to pay any attention to them. Jack enjoyed it tho, and applauded them. But while the priests were performing he

ought to have been planning out his part of the entertainment, instead of sitting there clapping his blooming hands. When it was up to him to do something, he sat there like an actor with a bad case of stage fright, the cold sweat poring off his forehead.

Nothing but Jimmie Green's wit saved us. A smart man, was Jimmie, and deservng of a better fate than befel him. He saw how things were and jumped to his feet to fill in the break. A good speech he made, considering. Told them all about our little friendly talk with the idol at Ur, giving several interesting embellishments that we had forgotten.

While he was speaking Carelton leaned over to me falteringly.

"Bill," said he, "unless you can think of something I am afraid we are done for. This place is nothing like the German said it would be. All my plans are rendered useless. See if you can astonish them. Perhaps you can make the god say something?"

"I am afraid not, for his head is too high up." Then a thought struck me. "Jack," I cried, "what is the date?"

G. J. M. '14.

(To be continued.)

Sketches by the Way

I.

"Waterloo" at Kneller Hall.

Forster, in his "Life of Charles Dickens," says that Dickens, Landseer, and others went in the summer of '49 to see "Waterloo" at Vauxhall. The Duke of Wellington was there and seemed much interested in the entertainment. The delightful gardens of Vauxhall, so popular in the Georgian era, are lost in the busy streets of London, but Waterloo night is not a forgotten custom.

Kneller Hall, near Hounslow, the beautiful old estate of Sir Godfrey Kneller, a noted portrait painter of Reynolds' day, is now the home of a school for military band masters. Through the summer seasons frequent concerts are given, and at the close of one of these is the special feature which they style Waterloo.

To an American, the privilege of walking through the grounds of such an estate brings something of the romantic spirit. Colored electric lights illumined the beautiful, tree-shaded avenue. A rustic bridge festooned with strings of colored bulbs, and rows of colored arches along the shore, made a rainbow of the little lake.

The music was excellent. Those who could see seemed to enjoy the Highland-fling as danced by members of a Scottish regiment, present for the occasion. But on all sides there was a bit of suppressed excitement and a suggestion of impatience at the delay of Waterloo.

The last selection was followed by its merited applause; then silence. The crowd began to move about and various groups were heard discussing the best place for seeing. My English friend knew what was coming and enjoyed my excited curiosity.

Sweet bugle notes came from a distance. Looking in the direction of the sound we saw moving torchlights. Then came the sound of drums followed by strains of band music. The solders were respondng to the call "To arms!" Through the trees we caught glimpses of the marching columns.

Again we heard the bugle notes, this time from another direction, and the familiar "Cambria Live for Aye" told us that it was the Welch soldiers who were on the move.

As they neared the camp the bands collected there took up the refrain until the stationary and the moving bands blended into one.

"The Campbells are Coming," played the bagpipes of the Scottish regiment. Close by us they marched, the lights from their torches revealing the colors of their highland plaid. Others heard their notes and soon bagpipes and bands were playing "The Campbells are Coming."

They formed into a long line and marched off.

"Is it over?"

"Sh—Wait!"

Again it was quiet on all sides. Then came a glorious show of rockets while huge firecrackers made a terrific cannonading, which was kept up for several minutes. Then the crowd moved forward. "Waterloo" was over.

N. I. B.

II.

Earl's Court Exhibition of Tudor Days.

On the exhibition grounds had been built of cloth, plaster and wood a realistic Tudor village. London advertisers promised a trip to Elizabethan days for a shilling fare, and so far as truthfulness even to details was concerned, kept their promise. The picturesque houses with projecting second stories were built to meet the curving roads, which led to the village green.

Under a real tree (the leaves were somewhat wilted) we heard first a very modern band play some good music, and later heard some glee singing by a band of Elizabethan-clad girls and a male quartet also clad in Tudor dress. The singing of old glees and ballads was excellent, and now that the band was out of sight and hearing, all seemed in keeping with the picturesque surroundings.

Some of the houses were reproductions of famous old Inns. One of these was Leicester Hospital in Warwick, of which Mrs. Dorr writes so charmingly in "The Flower of England's Face."

A trumpet was sounded in the distance and we heard a crier calling forth the charms of the "Globe Theatre." This was built according to the most authentic records of "The Globe" and the flag floating from the tower told us a play was soon to be on. For sixpence each we saw a shortened edition of "Much Ado about Nothing," which, so far as stage setting was concerned, was given as in the days of Shakespeare.

We were in the covered balconies; below, in the pit, open to the sky, were the people from the village—a woman with her knitting; another whose basket showed she had been to market, and the stage apprentices, who clapped at each good bit of acting.

On the stage were two noble gentlemen, clad in rich garments, who played cards or listened tc the play, as they saw fit. All this is much as in days of Shakespeare. For the wedding, the placard at the side front of the stage told us the scene was a church. The chanting of the monks could be heard; the curtain was separated and the procession came to the front stage, which was devoid of all stage decoration. The monk knelt at the altar (disclosed by the drawn curtains), above which was a balcony where the marching monks could be seen. This performing of two actions at the same time is purely Elizabethan. The acting was well done.

Another feature of this exhibition, and a decidedly modern one, was the great Midway, where were scenic railroads, a water-chute and the like—and seats for the weary at twopence each.

N. I. B.

What and Where Among the Alumni

Florence Holland, '11, has returned from Cambridge, Mass., where she spent several weeks with her sister Mrs. J. P. McKearin.

Doris Gardner, '11, is in South Orange, N. J.

John Hough, '10, has a position in Cambridge, Mass.

Jack Crowley, '10 has a position with W. S. Barstow Co., of New York.

Mildred Leffingwell, '08, of Brandon has been at the home of her parents for a short visit.

Ernest Gilbert, '11, who is attending U. V. M., is pitching on the college baseball team.

Athletic Notes

Because of the good weather early in spring the baseball team has been able to get under way much sooner than usual. After several weeks practice under Coach Gardner the team played two games before the regular scheduled ones started. The first, with Center Rutland A. C., was won by the school team 2—1. The team showed remarkable form considering that it was the first chance to get in action and Logan pitched in mid-season form. A week after this game the High School went up against the strong Rutland A. A. team and met defeat at their hands 15—6. It was a poor exhibition but considering the cold weather, which had to appear just on this one day, little more could be expected. Yet these two preliminary games undoubtedly helped the team, for they had little difficulty in winning the first regular game from Pittsford High School, 11—5. Pittsford started with a rush, scoring three runs in the first inning, but Rutland overcame their lead in the third inning and after this they were never in danger, for the best the visitors could do was to get two runs in the fifth. Logan pitched steady ball after he once got started but the fielding behind him was rather weak at times. The lineup follows:

R. H. S.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E
Elworth 3b.	3	2	2	1	1
Litchfield 1b.	2	0	9	0	1
A. Mooney 2b.	1	2	3	2	2
Reynolds c.	0	1	9	5	1
Carpenter cf.	1	2	1	0	0
Sullivan ss.	1	0	3	0	1
Murray lf.	1	0	0	0	0
Foster rf.	0	0	0	1	0
Logan p.	2	0	0	5	0
	11	7	27	14	6

P. H. S.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Carrigan cf.	1	1	3	0	1
J. Fitzpatrick 1b. ...	1	0	11	1	2
H. Fitzpatrick ss. ..	2	1	0	3	1
Gidding 2b.	1	1	3	0	1
Falloon c.	0	3	4	2	0
McCormick p.	0	1	0	3	2
Brogue lf.	0	0	1	0	0
Stephens rf.	0	0	1	0	1
Mooney 3b.	0	2	1	3	2
	5	9	24	12	9

Score by inning

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total
R. H. S.	1	0	9	0	0	0	0	1	x	11
P. H. S.	3	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	5

Summary.—Earned runs, R. H. S. 5, P. H. S. 4. Two base hits, A. Mooney, Carrigan. First base on balls, off Logan 1, McCormick 4. Struck out, by Logan 9; McCormick 3. Stolen bases, Carpenter, Sullivan 2, Logan, Gidding, Falloon, Mooney. Hit by pitcher, H. Fitzpatrick. Umpire Hurley. Attendance 700.

R. H. S. 12 P. H. S. 7

Rutland won its second game, from Proctor, with little difficulty altho the visitors were expected to give us a hard rub, as a few days before they had beaten Vermont Academy. Yet Rutland assumed the lead in the second inning and were never headed, for they seemed to be able to score at will. Proctor started a rally in the ninth but it fell short as the best they could do was four runs and these simply because of the loose and careless playing of Rutland. Burke started pitching for the School team but couldn't find the plate and was relieved in the second inning by Kennedy, whom the visitors couldn't touch. The fielding of Capt. "Jeff" and P. Leo Murray featured the game.

R. H. S.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E
Elworth 3b	2	1	1	5	1
Litchfield 1b.	2	1	7	0	1
Mooney 2b.	1	2	4	1	0
Reynolds c	0	1	9	1	0
Carpenter cf.	2	1	1	0	1
Sullivan ss.	1	1	1	4	2
Murray lf.	1	2	3	0	0
Gilbert rf.	1	0	0	0	0
Kennedy p.	2	1	1	0	0
	12	10	27	11	5

P. H. S.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Butler ss.	2	2	0	1	2
Keefe 3b.	0	0	1	3	2
Olson c.	0	1	7	2	0
Boman 2b.	0	0	4	2	0
Brennan 1b.	0	0	8	0	1
Zambelli cf.	0	0	1	0	1
Dolcar lf.	2	0	1	0	0

Thibault rf.	2	0	0	0	0
Javri p.	1	1	1	2	0
Johnson p.	0	0	1	1	0
	7	4	24	11	6

Score by inning

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total
R. H. S.	0	5	0	2	1	4	0	0	x	12
P. H. S.	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	7

Summary—Earned runs, R. H. S. 8, P. H. S. 5. Two base hits, Mooney. First base on balls, off Burke 3, Kennedy 2, Javri 4. Struck out, by Burke 1, Kennedy 7, Javri 5 Johnson 2. Left on bases, R. H. S. 6, P. H. S. 8. Double play, Elworth to Litchfield. Stolen bases, R. H. S. 8, P. H. S. 3. Umpire, Hurley. Attendance 850.

On May 1 a good part of the school made the little trip to Pittsford but all their truancy and loyalty went for naught, all on account of "Mr." Hendee, the umpire. After giving the High School the worst of decisions time after time, Capt. Elworth decided in the fourth inning that he wouldn't be brow-beaten any longer and withdrew his team from the field. This is not the first time that Rutland High has been given a raw deal at Pittsford and it is probable that hereafter all athletic connections between the two schools will be severed.

R. H. S. 11; B. & B. 1.

Rutland High romped away from Burr and Burton Seminary in her fourth game. Kennedy, our premier twirler, was in rare form, and the visitors hits were few and far between. Rutland was knocking the ball all over the lot, Carpenter leading the column with five hits to his credit. Reynolds, our diminutive (?) catcher had his whip right with him, throwing six men out at second.

R. H. S.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E
Elworth 3b.	2	0	2	2	0
Litchfield 1b.	1	1	7	0	1
Mooney 2b.	4	2	1	0	0
Reynolds c.	1	1	7	5	0
Carpenter cf.	2	5	1	0	0
Sullivan ss.	1	2	5	4	0
Murray lf.	0	1	2	0	0
Gilbert rf.	0	0	0	0	1
Kennedy p.	0	0	2	2	2
	11	12	27	13	4
	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Sowles 2b.	0	0	4	2	0
Burns ss.	0	1	2	1	2
Tully 1b.	1	1	9	0	1
Perkins c.	0	1	3	2	0
King cf.	0	0	3	2	0
Kelly p.	0	0	1	1	0
Jackson p.	0	1	0	3	0
Beebe lf.	0	1	1	0	1
Fleming rf.	0	0	0	0	0
Brock 3b.	0	0	1	1	1
	1	5	24	12	5

Score by inning

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total
R. H. S.	4	0	0	0	2	0	3	2	x	11
B. & B.	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1

Summary—Earned runs, R. H. S. 8; B. & B. 1. Two base hits Carpenter. First Base on balls, off Kennedy 1, Jackson 2, Kelly 1. Struck out, by Kennedy 7, Jackson 4, Left on bases, R. H. S. 8, B. & B. 5. Hit by pitcher, Mooney. Umpire, Bragg. Attendance 500.

Locals

"Rex" did pretty good in the big debate, but Shaw! he can do better.

Wonder why little John Rey— wanted to carry a revolver on his fishing trip of April 19.

Mi—er in French.—"Donnez moi a-a--"
Miss M.—"Sit down."
McG—y.—"Donnez moi a-a--"
Miss M.—"Sit down. You all want something."

Ask "Wif" B. how many Pittsford girls he had "on the string" while attending the ball game.

Hereafter "Dick" S. will drive more slowly in returning from Pittsford ball games.

They've got your number "Dick."

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CLOTHIERS

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Canty in E. History—"She was King of Hanover."

Why did Thomas and R. Johnson stop their run down Center St. hill April 27. For information ask Miss Wi— or Miss Arch—— of Room C.

Miss Rhines to Elworth, '13—"Be careful Elworth or they will have you arrested for picking pockets."

Inquire of Foster, '15, what kind of a reception he received while attempting a "call" on April 27, 1913.

Miss Rhines—"What do we say in place of March chicken?"
Miss Reyn— "March hen."

(In Zoology)—"How does the earth-worm take its food?"
Bright Freshy replied—"Thru the mouth."

Ask Ne——, '13, or Mc——, '15, why they could not find the main entrance of the Pittsford ball grounds.

N. says the longest way 'round is the safest way in, Mc—— seconds the motion.

Mr. C. evidently enjoyed "High School Night," getting a full view from the first row in the balcony.

Miss Pu——: "Years ago when I taught school in ——"
We are all wondering how old Miss P—— really is.

Mr. Co—— would like to know if the boys in Room C can control themselves when they hear a rooster crow.

For all kinds of jokes, stories, etc., consult Miss P—.

Miss Li——e of Room 4 thinks she is the ghost of Caesar. (Rather large ghost, eh?)

Howe's the ice cream man now.

Collins had a fearful headache, and among his dying groans he murmured, "Is Ethel Boutwell?"

When Eaton acts as clown does George Dahlgrin?

Bill and family were out rowing, when suddenly the boat struck a whale and tilted at a dangerous angle. All was silent for a moment. Then a piercing scream pierced the moonlight air, "We are all here but where is Wils-on?"
Oh! you poor boob, he hasn't got any sons, only daughters.
If Thoms-on should challenge Johns-on, would "Dingbat" Wade across the creek to witness the struggle?

A lot of dead ones exist, besides those killed in aeroplanes.

Listen Mike, "Would it make an ink-well to have a pen-hold-er?" Yes, I should worry and get a red nose.

Heard the latest about the prolongation of the P. M. session (beginning next fall) by having an *extra* 45 minutes period stuck on to the present hour and a half of the afternoon?
Cheer up R. H. S.; strikes are beneficial.

Would Miss Lilly of La Valley make Bernice White to see Helen Bourg-win a grand prize at the R. H. S. Fair?

Hurrah! fellows, it has at last been arranged so we can get a bite to eat during that back-breaking hour between twelve and one of the solid Friday session. But, I wonder how long *them* chocolates will last.

Is the aero-plane common sense?

Heard in Debating.

R. Beane—"I know when I was young—"

Miss Carruth pleads for a ten hour day that men may be so tired by night that they'd come home and stay there.

Miss Heath—"A married couple can't live now prices are so high. What will it be later?"

Wing says, "The country man goes to his garden." Murphy says, "He may, but the city man goes to the roof garden."

Miner—"The city pays for it so it doesn't matter."

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Gaynor—"In the west they have women for sheriffs. That's why it's so wild there."

Ask Murphy how many hours there are between nine o'clock and five.

Jones—"Boarding houses are filled with old maids."

Minor—"A boy is like a colt. Set him to work when he is young, and soon he's an old horse."

Jones—"How many men like their husbands to get books for them?"

Miss Schryer—"At 18 a man's his own boss, but at 35 he's married."

IN MEMORY OF THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

A DEAD ONE

They haven't enough life to hand in any material for the OREAD.

NOTE: Owing to the small space of time I have had since my election, I have not collected as many locals as I would wish. Please be patient and I will promise you more for the following issues.—Ed.

Exchanges

The OREAD acknowledges with thanks the following exchanges: *"Archon," "Bayonet," "Blue and Gray," "Chronicle," "Columbia Collegian," "Daleville Leader," "Hall Boy," "Hermonite," "High School Herald," "Jabberwock," "Lewiston H. S. Folio," "Magpie," "Odessaite," "Odyssey," "Ogdensburg Academy," "Old Hughes," "Onas," "Orange Peals," "Peters H. S. Index," "Red and Black," "Register," "Reveille," "Searchlight," "Spectator."*

Among these exchanges are three new ones, *"The Archon," "Hall Boy,"* and *"Peters' High School Index."* They are excellent papers and we hope to receive them often.

Bayonet—Your jokes in the April issue are splendid, in fact every department is complete.

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The Oread



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Published by the Rutland High School, Rutland, Vt.

June, 1913

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SOCIETY

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HOTEL BARDWELL

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INCORPORATED NOVEMBER, 1850

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The Oread

VOL. VII. JUNE, 1913. No. 9.

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THE OREAD is published monthly during the school year by the students. Subscription price, 75 cents a year. Single copies, 10 cents.

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at Rutland, Vt., Dec. 13, 1910, under Act of March 3, 1879.

Editorials

"The golden glow of a summer's day rest o'er the verdant hills,
And the sunlight falls with mellow rays on fields and laughing rills;
But ere its last beam fades away beyond the mountain high,
Our lips must bravely, sadly say the parting words,
'Good-bye.'"

Once more Father Time has mounted a rung of his endless ladder. You, Seniors, have at last reached one of the greatest points of your lives. You are about to graduate. What does it mean to you? It means that some of you will enter colleges and continue into the higher courses of learning; some will go to work at once; but no matter what you do, those whom you are leaving to fill your places, wish you the greatest success possible in all of your undertakings. And in years to come, when you are separated and far distant, may you always hold dear the memory of the four happy years spent in your Alma Mater, Rutland High School.

The present graduating class is the largest one ever leaving. Several years ago, previous to the completion of the Assembly Hall, the Opera House was used for the graduating exercises. After the completion of the former, it was amply large for the exercises; but this year even that has been outgrown, and it is necessary to use the commodious Shrine Theatre. This is an excellent example of the improvement of the school and the teaching.

Great as the former baseball fairs have been, the one this year surpassed them all. And by this we do not simply mean to say that there was more money made. The fair was a success in every way. Those who worked so hard for this success, and their number is large, may justly feel proud of their labors. As for the financial part, the net proceeds were $343.00.

May 30th, Decoration Day, was observed by exercises in Assembly Hall. There were about fifteen veterans of the Civil War who expressed their appreciation of the program, which consisted of recitations, and songs by the school and quartet. The veterans are fast thinning out, and, while we are able, we should show every mark of our great esteem of them.

Memories

Not very long ago we were reading over again in class that rather remarkable passage of the Aeneid in which the great Trojan was heartening his followers, in the midst of disaster, with such words of comfort as he could find. Among other things he said: "Perhaps sometime it will be a delight to remember these also," (as well as disasters and troubles already passed through.) That is, Aeneas urged upon his fellow-sufferers as a ground for courage in present hardship, the probability, if not the certainty, that the memory of past disaster would in the course of the journey toward their promised land be a delight to them, that only the remembrance of toil *overpast* would remain and the recollection of the laborious days would be gone forever.

The great Roman writer, as all great writers constantly do, has touched upon a universal human experience, and one which a much greater than he, half a century later, declared to us, his followers, over and over again; the joy of the recollection of toil, even of disaster, past, if with stout hearts and enduring minds we press on to the land where the Fates have prepared for us the place of rest. How such memories come crowding in upon us if we are making a good fight for good things, laying aside, day by day, thoughts for ourselves, and giving our lives to some worthy thing for others! But one doesn't need to live long to have some such memories! Not a boy who, for the sake of his parents or his school has done worthily with toil and self-denial, not a girl who, forgetting ease, has laid aside her own wishes in her willingness to "help along" and give others a "bit of a lift," has been without these happy memories, these heartening recollections. These are the *great* memories, bought only with a great price, paid for in life and toil and sometimes in blood and tears and travail of soul, and to be had in no other way. Yet, whoever will pay the price in his measure may have the poy of remembering hardness endured as an incentive to further effort.

There is another set of memories that come from the enjoyment of the good and pleasant things about us, an enjoyment as simple and trustful as that of the little silk girl of Asolo, of whom Browning sings. She had but one day in a year from the grimy toil of the silk mill, but she takes that thankfully, joyfully, making the most of it, with a glad heart, that she has at least one day, and goes singing on her way touching, all unconsciously, life after life for good, all that sunny day. And when she lies down at night the happy memory of all she had enjoyed in her one single holiday brought quick sleep, and strength for all the year's toil before her.

A third kind of memories come from our association with each other in more or less close companionship. We work together, we play together, we study together year after year, almost carelessly and much as a matter-of-course; we have our friendships, and our differences, our likes and dislikes, until some day the tie is broken—sometimes looked-forward-to, sometimes suddenly and rudely—and the association dissolved. At first we are busy adjusting ourselves to the new conditions, trying to get used to *not* seeing near us the familiar face and not hearing the familiar voice of our classmate. Then after a while, we begin to look back to "the great days in the distance enchanted," and memories come crowding in upon us, and if we have been true and good, the world behind us is a joy forevermore. Then we remember the sunny days, the kind thoughts and words, the cheerful smiles, and the delighted companionships, and the memory becomes a bright spot in life ever afterward.

All the memories I have thus far mentioned have a price upon them and we may have them only if we pay that price. The condition is absolute and fixed and must be fulfilled if we would have the memories that are a delight, and an encouragement, for the future. But they are well worth while and are a possession that no time nor outward circumstances can rob us of and, I repeat, we may have them if we will.

But there is another kind of memories different from all these memories of far-off things of light and beauty, memories that we have paid no price for, memories that seem to have come to us from the gracious love of the Heavenly Father. In one of her books George Eliot says, that we could have no present delight in the beauty of the world about us, if it were not for the memory of the beauty in the far-off years of childhood; and the memories I am now speaking of seem to be those of a land we dwelt in before we came to earth, a land of light such as "was never on land or sea," as Wadsworth says of it, the heavenly land from which he says we came. Whatever may be the truth of it, I am sure that such memories are the gift of God to us, that we may have with us always some remembrance of our home above; both that we may be wooed back to it and that we may have all along our way encouraging glimpses of the heavenly home. Great memories to strengthen us, happy memories to cheer us, and heavenly memories to allure us. Who would not have them? I. T.



Class Prophecy

The forest was cool and shady,
 Where I lay me down to rest,
And I dreamt I was in Elysium,
 The seat of the great and blest.

As I wandered through the meadows
 That were rich with wheat and corn
I saw three hags approach me
 Looking desolate and forlorn.

And the first one said, "My daughter,
 We have come to tell the fate
Of the Class of 1913
 Before it be too late."

Then the second one said ,"All hail!"
 And the third one said the same.
"But why are you called Class Prophet
 When you do not deserve the name?

"Do you think you can read the future
 With your poor mortal eyes?
Yet, child, we will tell it to thee,"
 The third wierd sister cries.

They gathered around in a ring
 And an incantation was said,
And stretching their bony fingers
 They called on the awful dead.

Inspired by some mighty power,
 The third wierd sister began
The propheey of the class we love,
 And this is the way it ran.

"Boynton, the president
 Of Rutland High '13,
Will keep an up-to-date hotel,
 No finer e'er was seen.

Among the heathen Chinese
 Miss Tuttle will spend her life,
One day she'll cross the seas
 A little Chinese wife.

Of the Creamery Package Company
 Buzz White will be the boss.
He'll prove to be an able man
 And hardly ever cross.

Miss Smith, a single German Count
Will go abroad to find.
If he should look as the 'Tutor' did,
She'd certainly change her mind.

Norton, hunting in the jungles
As old Teddy did of yore,
Saying nothing of a lion,
Cannot even catch a boar.

Strolling past a music parlor
You will hear a strain so sweet.
'Midst the greatest of composers
Irene Adams holds a seat.

Doctor Hodges is most cruel,
Though he'd talk as sweet as honey;
Why he'd pull your very teeth out
Then insist you pay him money.

Miss Donahue and Miss Davis
Will keep a little shop,
And everything you get there
Will surely be tiptop.

Logan, Fox and Hanley
Will keep a candy store;
Their names in massive letters
May be seen above the door.

Miss Huffmire will teach for many years
And Miss La Venture the same,
Till a certain man to her suggests
That she'd better change her name.

Miner, Swinnerton and Litchfield
To the suffragettes give aid
Bearing threatening banners for them
In the National Parade

Pat Coates will lightly laugh
And reckless cast her darts,
Nor hear the cry of tender youths
And groans of broken hearts.

Catozzi and Moriglioni,
Both wishing the world to see
And having a plenty of money,
Will visit old Italy.

A literary critic
Miss Clifford will become,
And by her brilliant essays
Will surprise most people some.

A Leland Powers graduate
In Rutland High will read;
Miss Alexander well can tell
Of brave men and their deeds.

Miss Cassidy, a teacher
Of Latin stale and dry,
Recalls to you the days of prose
In deal old Rutland High.

Rice, though modest and retiring,
Will be married first of all,
And when comes the blushing maiden
Then he at her feet will fall.

An artist worthy of mention
Is your old friend Betty Weir;
The pictures she paints are exquisite,
So new and fresh and clear.

A baseball Captain will appear
At the great Olympian Games;
As Elworth will be the champion,
He'll be courted by lovely dames.

Mary Sparks, a gray-haired lady,
By her verses charms the mind;
Of the modern living poets
Ne'er a better you could find.

La Valley will be the President
Of the Rutland Business College,
And gathering round him the boys and girls
Will impart to them his knowledge.

In a cottage neat and tidy,
Filled with cats and dogs galore,
Freda Baird, a fierce man-hater,
Long has passed three times a score.

Newton runs a merry-go-round,
His partner's name is Lynch;
The money they make is amazing,
They say it's a perfect cinch.

With her violin, Miss Baker
Often charms the listening ear;
She can soothe the troubled spirit
Or from strong hearts wring a tear.

Bently will be the Editor
Of the Century Magazine;
His articles on suffrage
Are the finest to be seen.

A music teacher, Vera Fish
Will gain some small renown
For her great success with pupils
Throughout your little town.

Copps, the electrician,
Is much in love with his work;
There's one thing the Company's glad of,
And that is he does not shirk.

A pretty nurse and doctor
Approach the altar rail;
In the lasting bonds of wedlock
Miss Thomas will not fail.

Of Homer Purdy's future
I'll give you just a hint;
He will coin large sums of money
In your country's well known Mint.

A singer in grand opera
Miss Hinchey soon will make;
In rendering the masters
She'll certainly take the cake.

Kennedy and Nelson
Will go to Parliament;
On removing Wilson's tariff bill
Their energies are bent.

Ruth Pearsons will be married
Ere many years elapse;
She will live to see her grandsons
And her great grandsons at that.

A minister making his rounds
Inspires all the people with awe;
Would you dream that this dignified man
Was that dare-devil Raymond Shaw?

A Paris model moves along
With a style that is all her own
When Cornie Crowley went to school
Her charms were little known.

At his fireside in the evening
Will be felt an awful gap
When Francis Welch goes marching off
To war against the Jap.

Teaching the A, B, C's
To a Kindergarten class
Miss Bunker will play with the children
Although she will suffer no sass.

Little Cleon Perkins
Has made a History
It is a great creation
Of his marvelous memory.

Miss Reynolds and Miss McGuirk
While seeking a place of rest
Were induced by a couple of cowboys
To live in the great wild West.

Johnson will be a flirt
In the happy bye and bye
He'll declare to several maidens
That for their sweet love he'd die.

Miss Squires as a red cross nurse
To the battle field will go
To care for the wounded soldiers
Who are sick and lying low.

In the year of 1930
The postmaster Sullivan hail
He'll be, in truth, an ideal man
For handing out the mail.

To her mansion in Cuttingsville
Miss Jones will ere long retire
And end her days in comfort
With Chick, a country squire.

Frank Burke is a business agent
Who will gladly insure your life
And if you should die tomorrow
There'd be something left for your wife.

Miss Huntington will write a book
Which is based on simple fact
The name of this quite famous work
Is "How a man should act."

The Whitney-Raymond circus
To Rutland soon will go.
Don't fail to see the wonders
Of this well known travelling show.

Fuller and Canty both love the same girl
Which is really a mishap my friend
And over this maiden they'll argue and fight
And at last in a duel contend.

Dawson and Gardner will keep a garage
They have autos for sale and to hire
If you're wanting a car for rough service
Try one of their extra proof tires.

Hiram, you just mind your business
Those lamb chops are none too black
Mother Lovelett cooked them that way
So you'll kindly stop your clack.

A railroad magnate now stalks forth
With a handsome, massive cane
To think that this is Carpenter
Would give his friends a pain.

Africanus missionarianus
Allen Locke now knows his fate
He'll live with the cannibal, as did Hannibal
Poor friend Allen ne'er will have a mate.

The theatre calls you by night
When you go to the city afar
Don't fail to see Robert Grady
A prominent, active star.

An expert in chemics is Shippy
And one day the world will resound
With the talk of some chemical substance
That this Rutland boy has found.

Ned Foyles a civil engineer
Before him has a task
He wants a wife, as most men do
Yet knows not whom to ask

Here's a motor cycle racer
Who for years has been the best
Should a rival try to beat him
Dutton well can stand the test.

Sweeney now is rich and idle
And I know beyond a doubt
That from fine and dainty living
He'll be troubled with the gout.

"Give us suffrage," cries a woman,
"Don't deny us what is right
Or we'll burn you," quoth Miss Fairfield,
Out of house and home to night."

Reynolds dances on the stage
Latest jigs and fancy reels
While his audience at the sight
Breaks forth into merry peals.

In his bachelor apartments
Howard lives in greatest ease
He is wiser than the average
He's no wife to nag and tease.

Davis will be a Captain
Of our glorious naval crew
Though it cost him life and fortune
He will to the flag be true.

To a school just out of Boston
Those advanced in music go
Dottie Stafford, giving lessons
Thinks the place is rather slow.

A connoisseur of arts
Who thinks he knows it all
Is Henry Flagg Esquire
Of Billionaris Hall

What a famous class is this
From whence comes the President
Spaulding is the foremost man
In your government.

Here's a dame of thirty summers
With a child on either arm
Gladys Frost is quite contented
On her husband's little farm.

Mrs. B., once called Maude Martin,
Is as pretty as of yore
Though her days and nights are harassed
By her little children four.

Mrs. Auto of Mobile
Will make quite a hit
Don't call her Miss Cocklin
Or she'll have a fit.

Miss Chandler will marry an Earl
Of the very first rank indeed
But when she goes to his ancestral home
She'll find him a cashless Swede.

And you, oh daughter of Adam
Why yours is the best of all
You shall live with your father and mother
Till the Angel of Death shall call."

The sisters slowly vanished
And I woke from the strangest dream
Yet I think 'twas a hint of the future
So real and true did it seem.

Meta Julia Underhill, '13.

History of the Class of 1913

On the ninth of September, 1909, the class of 1913 made its entry into the High School. There were one hundred and fifteen of us then, the largest class that up to that time had entered the High School. How proud we were that we were members of the High School; now we might write after our names the numerals '13 and the magic letters R. H. S. But "pride goeth before a fall." The Sophomores who had been excused a half hour before us and were supposed by Dr. Thomas to be far away, were waiting for us. As we came out of school we were given a rousing "reception." This "reception" was the subject of editorials in the local papers for several days to come, tho it must be said in justice to the Sophomores that the reality did not justify the accounts.

We were warned that we would be an unlucky class because of our numerals but the class of 1912 must have thought otherwise after the interclass football game, for we defeated our hated enemies and avenged our "reception" of the first day of school. In the spring we added still more to our laurels by defeating them at baseball.

The next fall we came back as Sophomores, diminished a little in numbers, but still "scrappy." Now we were somebody. No longer could we be called "Freshies" and "green." You may well believe we looked down on the entering Freshmen.

In athletics this year we defeated the Freshmen in both baseball and football and although we won no cup, our teams made good fights and we were satisfied. In this year we aided our old enemy of 1912 in tearing down 1911's flag; and the same night our numerals in red paint were placed beside theirs on the transom of the dressing room and on the white marble of the front steps, where they appeared triumphantly the next morning.

In our Junior year we distinguished ourselves by wining both cups.

In this year we elected our class officers and have never had any reason to regret our choice. We picked our class pins and our class colors. One morning about eleven o'clock the studious (?) quiet of Room 2 was disturbed by a loud bang, followed by many similar sounds. Miss Meldon jumped from her chair to find the floor littered with books. By dint of questioning seven boys had to pay penance after school, although it was whispered that several girls were concerned in the affair.

The accidental blowing up of the hydrogen generator one afternoon in the Physics laboratory caused Miss Daniels to rush in from Room 6 expecting to find our mutilated remains. Luckily the top of the generator was loose and the force of the explosion went that way, blowing it up to the ceiling, so no one was hurt.

Of course the first thing of importance in our Senior year was the play. Aside from the fact that the profits exceeded those of any preceding play, we were more than satisfied. The whole cast from beginning to end, acted their parts well, and gloriously upheld the honor of 1913.

After the play, our one thought and motto was, "On to Washington." To aid in paying expenses the class broke the precedent of having the dances in the Assembly Hall, and gave two dances in Dunn Hall. We were rewarded for our pains by actually making something, an unheard-of thing heretofore. Everyone had such a good time that the Juniors followed our example to their own profit.

As the time to leave for Washington drew near many were disturbed by the floods and washouts; a few, who had planned to go, changed their minds at the last moment, but the rest gathered at the station on the twenty-ninth of March, and amid good-byes and cheers we were off.

No one that took that trip will ever forget it. Dame Nature smiled on us, for it only rained once while we were in Washington. Everyone said they had the "best time ever," and everyone urged the Juniors to go next year.

For rhetoricals during the spring, members of the class gave several of the scenes from Hamlet before the school, which were well received.

One morning four enterprising students of the Chemistry class—unknown to the instructor—made some nitro-glycerine. They had a vague idea that it was powerful but not until the instructor came in and told them all about it did they realize what they had done. She added that they must not make any, when—unknown to her—a test tube of that explosive liquid stood at that moment on the desk. They were at a loss to know what to do with it, but ended by pouring it down one of the sink spouts.

This year we won the football cup and as at the time of this writing we have defeated the Juniors in baseball, it depends only upon the game with the Freshmen, for possession of this cup.

We are about to graduate; some will go here, some there; we will be scattered. For a few years, each year we will hold a reunion; and then nothing. The class of 1913 will be dead, but the spirit of 1913 will still live. And tho some will live in the sunny south, some in the breezy west, some in the bustling city, and some here at home in Vermont; all will hold as a pleasant memory the happy days they spent in the Rutland High School as the class of 1913.

C. A. P., '13.

Class Will

We, the class of 1913, of the Rutland High School, city of Rutland, county of Rutland, state of Vermont, being in perfect health of body, and of sound and disposing mind, but realizing that we shall soon leave this place of both work and play, do hereby make this our last will and testament.

We will and bequeath to the class of 1914 our lively times and also our hard work while in Room A.

Robert Boynton wills his seat of honor to Mr. Ellery Purdy of the naval academy, Annapolis, Maryland.

John Norton wills his popularity with the underclass girls to Emmet Fagan.

Meta Underhill leaves her poetry to Gordon Landon.

Robert Grady wills his "Bunny Hugs" and "Turkey Trots" to Atherton Bemis.

A. Davis, M. Lavelet will the front row in assembly to the next ones who are unfortunate enough to sit in Room C.

Dick S. wills his nightly auto rides to the "Beanies."

Freda Baird distributes her gentlemen friends among the girls of the B. Class.

Allen Locke wills his books to Raymond Moore.

Ed. Dawson leaves his mathematical powers to Betsey Patch.

Jeannette Fairfield bequeaths her asthetic dancing to Clare Cooledge.

Bill Dutton wills his motor-cycle to Frank Wade, with all good wishes for the future.

Mabel Bunker leaves her youthful figure to Helen Perkins.

"Lanky" Litchfield leaves his early calls to the Business College to Johnson.

G. Swinnerton wills his blond curls to Dick Thomas.

Britton Shippey, the famous marathon runner, wills his unattainable abilities to Paul Leo Murray.

Wayne Davis leaves a part of his strength and his "light" walk to N. Miner.

Bus White leaves his lovable disposition to Marc Gilbert.

Ed. Elworth wills his ability for making eyes to Dick Thomas.

Harp Burke leaves his early morning car-rides to Jones, who, he hopes, will not mistake the kindness for an obligation.

Betty Weir leaves her after school auto rides to Katherine Kinsman, on condition that she does not take Hump, Junior as chaperone.

Cornelia Crowley, assisted by Reynolds will their German ability to Irene Casey and "Stub" Moore.

Marjorie Jones leaves her chemistry apron to any unfortunate, who like herself, doesn't happen to have any.

Carp wills his Middlebury friend, that is if she will accept a "sub" to G. Murphy.

Marion Cocklin and Mae Reynolds will their flirting abilities to Helen Royce and Sally Clement.

The Commercial class hereby will and bequeath their typewriters to the next fortunate ones, on condition that they will keep them in as good order as they have.

Doris Tuttle and Betty Weir leave their "trigs" to the girls of next year's class.

Marie Chandler, the "man-hater," leaves her place in the double aisle to Louise Reynolds.

"Homo" Purdy wills his toys and play-things to Funny Johnson.

Marjorie Smith and P. Coates leave the "Post-Office" to J. McCammon and K. Kinsman.

Ned Foyles wills his "beauty" (made up, of course) to Leonard Wing.

Alice McGuirk wills her "cribs" to Dot Smith.

Lois Cassidy wills her ability to carry six studies to Clare Coolidge.

Catozzi bequeaths his beaming countenance to Howard Crane.

Leland Gardner leaves his lengthwise dimension to Charles Schmidt.

Newton wills his permanent seat in Root's car to Mike Miner.

Eli Whitney leaves his knowledge of horticulture to Martin Rowe.

Chicken Howard wills his "gum" to George Jones.

Hodges wills his classy neckties and stick-pins to Tom Norton.

Marion Clifford wills her "Beauty Hints" to Charlotte Smith.

Pinky Perkins leaves his seat on the debating platform to Durfee.

Marion Thomas wills her remedie for growing to Gladys Billings, with the hope that she may soon do the same.

Irene Adams leaves her musical ability to Hester Kinsley.

Joe Sweeney wills his fancy-dancing to K. Davison.

Fox, Rice, Kennedy and Canty, will Room 321 of the National Hotel to Mooney, Murray, Miner and Norton.

Frank Welch wills, with pleasure, his seat at the front of the room, to Charles Schmidt.

Maude Martin leaves her part of leading lady, (in more ways than one) to Gladys Eitapence.

John Lynch wills his smile to Guy Coolidge.

John Reynolds bequeaths the late-room to the B. Class.

The occupants of the double aisle in Room A, will and bequeath the "mail-system," to the next occupants.

J. Copps wills his supervision of the laboratory to Whipp Bean, hoping he will faithfully discharge his duties.

Dot Stafford bequeaths her seat at the table to whoever deserves it.

The scribblers club—Moriglioni, Hanley, Logan, Nelson and Raymond, will their stenography books to the B. Commercials.

Gladys Frost leaves her actorical abilities to K. Kinsman.

R. Alexander, M. Laventure, and H. Huffmire bequeath the Teachers' Training course to Katherine Aldrich, Helen Stafford and Dot Burbank.

Vera Fish leaves her stylish clothes to Rena Wing.

E. Baker leaves her place in the orchestra to Miss Crowley.

M. Hinchey and J. Donahue will their long walks to the "Smiths."

Rex Shaw wills his after-dinner talks in the corridor to Paul Pelton.

Mary Sparks wills her job of writing class poem to Dorothea Reynolds.

Brick Fuller and Florence Huntington leave their promenade up the corridor to E. Purdy and S. Clement.

Ruth Pearsons bequeaths her Sunday-afternoon walks to Sophia Rhodes of the D. class.

"Here's to our successors
Who we hope will use
Things that the requestors
Have been kind enough to choose."

Signed, CLASS OF 1913.

Pastimes

Owing to the number of the class of 1913 they are catalogued as follows with their favorite pastimes.

W. Davis strong on feats.
R. Shaw inventor of the wireless school notes.
F. Burke, the man with the smile.
E. Whitney, hunting flowers.
B. Shippy "running" a dairy.
R. Spaulding rooting by tooting.
H. Purdy, playing "cricket."
C. Crowley a taking to "leaves."
The Reynolds Past-time.
L. Copps aspiring to become a testubiless chemist.
M. Cocklin, training to become a teacher of Williams.
F. Welch see if you can't see something more.
W. Newton writing with his nose.
A. Catozzi joking.
M. Clifford hurrying.
R. White general fusser.
A. Locke tipping his lid.
E. Elworth being idol of the sophomores.
J. Lynch boy wonder, maker of colorless chlorine.
L. Dutton inventor of the "cent" less two wheeled motor car.
M. Chandler, selling newspapers.
D. Stafford working for piano arm.
R. Grady giving speeches.
A. McGuirk staying on Friday afternoon.
L. Cassidy devoting her time to a byocial system whereby she can read a different book with each eye.
M. Jones, B. Weir cutting school for Cuttingsville.
F. Huntington aiding poor flunkers.
M. Smith speaking german.
A. Howard manufacturing a talking machine to read greek while he drives his auto.
H. Litchfield rush-her-ing at the grand.
F. Baird craving for craven.
M. Bunker mischief making.

R. Carpenter spends his time making burnless gloves.
P. Coates chiefly giggling.
G. Frost singing alto.
M. Martin two things men and weight ex. boy and ton.
M. Sparks, electrocuting.
I. Adams pruning trees.
G. Nelson catching cars.
N. Miner is a frost on the cullinary line. Every winter he ices Kendall Ave.
D. Tuttle chasing after ministers.
R. Boynton teaching the turkey less tango.
M. Thomas extinguishing fires.
R. Rice building a subway between Castleton and R. H. S.
L. Gardner patenting an attachable lunch box.
C. Perkins debating.
R. Pearsons taming mice.
H. Hodges pulling teeth.
H. Squires strong on sires.
J. Norton mowing lawns.
E. Foyles walking.
J. Sweeney asking questions.
Hanley pulling seats from under the commercials.
Morglioni thanking the stars his name isn't Smith.
Fox manufacturing alarm clocks so he won't miss trains.
Kennedy—On a beautiful night with a beautiful girl.
Canty tuning the typewriter.
Logan hasn't any, he plays baseball.
Fuller lighting up the yeast when the sun fails.
M. Hinchey having a tooth-ache.
A. Davis. It's a snap taking pictures.
V. Fish talking to Raymis.
M. Lovelett studying.
H. Flagg, "you see it's this way."
E. Raymond slipping bundles of paper around the room.
I. Donohue winking at Flagg.
L. Lavelley being taken for a girl.
E. Baker playing the fiddle.
J. Sullivan bothering his teacher.
G. Swinnerton playing the suffragette by smashing windows up in chem.
E. Dawson doing Trig for the whole class.
C. Bentley washing dishes on the notch.
R. Alexander, M. L'aventure teaching.

Class Poem

Each fleeting hour, by time relentless,
Has been driven on its way,
Till four short happy years have given
Their final High School day.

Alas! too soon this parting moment
Has come to tell us we must go,
Regardless of the joy departed
Of which only we can know.

Through these years, as time was stealing
Study days from life's small store,
All were gone ere we considered
They'd return to us no more.

In the future let remembrance
Keep this bright thought full in view,
For this school we love so dearly
We our best should always do.

Let our watchword still be honor,
As in schooldays it has been,
For the work that lies before us
Honor holds the blades that win.

Now, as over paths divergent
We must join earth's surging throng,
Think! tho' life is not all tumult
It is not all smiles and song.

Some of us will go to college
And there gain a short respite,
Then when those brief days are over
All must enter duty's fight.

As one fond farewell we're bidding,
Let us once again repeat,
True to Rutland High School's teachings
We life's nobler things will seek.

M. H. S., '13.

What and Where Among the Alumni

Harold Peck, '12, who is attending Albany Law School, is in town.

Dorothea Sawyer, '12, of Bradford Academy is home for the summer.

Philip Murdick, '12, of Worcester Polytechnic is home for the summer.

A son has been born to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wing of Boston. Mrs. Wing was formerly Miss Frances Atwood, R. H. S., '06.

Russell P. Bates, '11, attended the Junior Prom at Tufts College as the guest of Lloyd Aldrich, '11.

Miss Florence Butler, '11, who is attending Middlebury College was home for a few days recently.

Newman Wade, '11, has returned to his home.

Aviator George Schmitt, '11, after a very successful flying trip of 15,000 miles thru South America, Central America and the West Indies, has returned to his home in this city. On his return trip Mr. Schmitt visited Panama, going over the entire Canal zone.

Athletics

Rutland High continued her winning streak of the early part of the season by defeating the strong Middlebury College second team, 10—9. As the score would indicate, it was a close game throughout, the winners being forced to come across with two runs in the ninth in order to win. When they came to bat in the last half of the ninth the score was 9—8 in favor of the visitors. But hits by Litchfield and Mooney, a sacrifice and an error gave the High School boys the game. The features of the game were the heavy hitting of the Rutland team as a whole and of Porter of the college team. "Lena" was out of the game with a cracked finger so Capt. "Jeff" Elworth went in behind the bat and held up the receiving end of the battery very creditably.

The School team again came across with a victory when they went to Ludlow and played the Black River Academy, the final score being 11—4. It was an easy victory for the High School, who started scoring in the first and led throughout. The diamond was very slow but Rutland was not at a very decided disadvantage for, their offensive play, the hitting and base running, was phenomenal. Litchfield, Mooney and Carpenter each landed on Pickard's delivery for two-baggers, while Kennedy, who did the twirling for Rutland, smashed out two long ones which were both good for three sacks. The High School fellows wish to thank the members of B. R. A. for the royal entertainment they received in the evening.

Rutland High suffered her first defeat of the season at Proctor 17—2. It was not that they were outclassed, having previously beaten Proctor, but they simply suffered a slump which most any team is liable to have some time or other during a season. Error after error was made by them, the cause in part being the extremely fast diamond which the fellows were not used to. But this defeat probably did them as much good as harm for it seemed to steady the team down, at least, they gave that impression in the next game against Middlebury High School.

The boys from the college town were no match for Rutland, the score being very one-sided, 15—2. Huntley did fairly good twirling for the visitors but beside having a poor man to catch for him he received very poor support from his whole team. On the other hand, Rutland was in rare form and gave Kennedy fine support and it looked as if the game were to be a whitewash till the very last inning, when the losers managed to get their two runs across. In addition to the good work of the pitchers, Elworth played a stirling game at third for Rutland.

A few days later Middlebury hoped to come back strong with a victory when Rutland played them on their home grounds. It looked as if they might for a while, but the superior play of Rutland was bound to tell in the long run and it did, for they came out a winner, 8—3. Huntley and Kennedy were both in fine form but the latter had a little the best of it. Myrick played a good game at second for the losers, while Mooney saved a lot of trouble in the ninth when he made a sensational stop of a fast ground ball.

Rutland's second defeat of the season was at the hands of the strong Bennington High School team 8—6. It was a game which the school should not have lost for they led by four runs up to the eighth inning, when two hits, a long sacrifice fly and a couple costly errors netted the visitors five runs, enough to win. This would seem all the more unlucky when we consider that the errors were made by two of Rutland's best fielders. Bennington was able to get but five hits off Kennedy while the losers touched Leahy for twice that number. Murphy played a good game for Bennington, keeping the fight in the visitors which eventually enabled them to win. Murray's fielding was of the highest calibre and Mooney was strong with the stick.

Burr and Burton Seminary was defeated for the second time by Rutland at Manchester. The score 11—1, was the same as in the first game between the two teams. Carpenter started the scoring for the High School team by knocking the ball over the left field fence for a home run. Another feature of the game was the twirling of Capt. Elworth. His regular position is at third but during the season has been on both ends of the battery and in right field as well. His fielding is acknowledged to be the best of any, his long experience on High School teams standing him in good stead. Murray has been the star performer in the outfield, not having muffed a ball in a regular game this year. Carpenter has led the hitters with an average of .435. Mooney is second with .410 beside being with Kennedy the best extra base hitter on the team. The work of the team, and of Coach Gardner, has been very good and everyone is quite satisfied.

Arrangements are now being made to play Burlington High for the State Championship. When Rutland was defeated by Bennington they were not playing under school-masters rules. Proctor beat Rutland but we beat Middlebury twice while Proctor was defeated by them.

The first interclass track meet was held at the Fair Grounds, June 6. This was won by the class of 1913 with 60 points; the class of 1915 was second with 26 points, the class of 1914 third with 20½ points, and the class of 1916 last with 1½ points.

Mr. Kingsley and Mr. Adams were timers and judges and Mr. Harrison was starter.

R. Thomas, 914, scored 15¼ points, this being the most by any individual. Canty and Shippy, 1913, were tied for second with 14¼ points. Catozzi, 1913, was third with 11¼ points, Davis, 1913, fourth with 11 points, White, 1913, fifth with 9¼ points, Proctor, 1915, sixth with 9 points, Jones, 1915, seventh with 8¾ points, Foster, 1915, eighth with 3¾ points, Wing, 1914, ninth with 3¼ points, Aldrich, 1915, tenth with 2¾ points, Landon, 1914, and Welsh, 1915, were tied for eleventh with 1¾ points, Marsh, 1916, was twelfth with 1 point, Adams, 1916, thirteenth with ½ point, and Branchaud, 1916, last with ¼ point.

The winners of the events were:

110-yd. dash—Thomas, first; White, second; Catozzi, third; 11 3-5 sec.

220-yd. dash—White, first; Catozzi, second; Thomas, third; 26 1-5 sec.

440-yd. dash—Shippy, first; Foster, second; Welsh, third; 59 2-5 sec.

880-yd. dash—Shippy, first; Jones, second; Aldrich, third; 2 min. 14 sec.

1-mile run—Jones, first; Shippy, second; Aldrich, third; 5 min. 5 sec.

Pole vault—Proctor, first; Thomas, second; Catozzi and Adams tied for third; 8 ft. 6 in.

High jump—Thomas, first; Proctor, second; Catozzi and Landon tied for third; 4 ft. 10 in.

Broad jump—Catozzi, first; Wing, second; Proctor, third; 16 ft. 7 in.

Shot put—Canty, first; Davis, second; Landon, third; 33 ft. 1 in.

Hammer throw—Canty, first; Davis, second; Thomas, third; 96 ft. 7 in.

Discus—Davis, first; Canty, second; Marsh, third; 85 ft. 9 in.

Relay—First 1913 (White, Catozzi, Canty, Shippy), 4.7 2-5; second, 1915 (Aldrich, Jones, Welsh, Foster); third, 1914 (Wing, Landon, Branchaud, Thomas).

Locals

Wake up, reporters, at R. H. S.!
Do get busy and work for success!
The Local Assistant, where is he?
An item from him would be news to me!
From the many reporters in this school,
Only a few, manage, as a rule,
To scrape up, now and then, some "dope"
For all the rest from me they hope!
All this laziness I detest,
So work, reporters, do your best.

Welch, '15, in Ancient History.—"Marcus Pompey was killed by the lances of the Huns and died a few days later."

Hubbard in D History.—"The three religions of the Chinese are: Confucianism, Buddhism, and "Toodism."

From Soph. themes:
Miss Arc-h-er.—"We started and went off in all directions." Suggests fireworks?

Dyer.—"We found a part of three men on Killington, camping comfortably."

Miss Par-ter.—"During sugar season the man would walk home each night after he had been boiling all day."

D-er.—"It rained with thunder and lightening."

Miss Per-ns.—"The party consisted of pastors, men, women, and children." What are pastors?

For all information concerning wireless construction, ask "Wireless Lemon" L. of Room 3.
Got chur license yet Reg?

Inquire of little "Babe" H. what happened to him in Middlebury. "Babe" said, "Something attemped, nothing done."

Miss P-n in History.—"What party was acting during Chas. II reign?"
Miss Jas-n.—"The democratic party."

Miss P-n in History.—"What do you know about Claudius?"
R-ss.—"Wasn't he lame?"

Ca-ty in History.—"He was the wife of Mary."

Listen, G. Fish claims that the earth is pear shaped.
Where be we now George?

Gil-t in English.—"When death got cha.. When Life-in-Death got cha.. ..etc"
We've got cha Hump.

Teacher.—"What's a vacuum?"
Bright Pupil.—"I can't express it, but it's in my mind."

Earle in English.—"Didn't he slew him?"

Miss R-.—"Rowe read."
Rowe.—"Begin at the top of the page?"
Miss R—.—"No, at the bottom."

Ly-h in French.—"The elephant stepped on the face of his friend."

We hear of the ghost of Caesar, but that hasn't got anything on the blossomed cherry tree that, during English strolled by the windows of Room 2.

During delay, caused by wreck, on trip to Ludlow, several from R. H. S. aimlessly wondered into engine of train. The following was heard:

Gilb-t to fireman.—"Do you have much to do besides shoveling coal?"

Car-ter pointing to whistle cord.—" Is that the whistle?"

Fireman.—"No, that's the whistle cord, the whistle is outside."

Rey-ds in car.—"Ah-hum, I'm going to take a nap. I didn't get in last night until 2 o'clock this morning."

How many got a "nibble" from the solitary pie purchased, during delay, from farmer? Never mind fellows, it saved the day.

Who said "Jeff" El-. couldn't juggle sandwiches? Well, please let me say that he was the **head** (and only) waiter during **noonday lunch** in Ludlow restaurant.

John Rey- is still looking for the villain that pulled the chair from under him, and let him sit **gently** on the floor.

Rey-ds at hotel.—"Another plate of soup waiter. You should know I eat more than seven normal men."

Would Red Wing his way to M-ter to see a friend?

Miss LaR- in B French.—"Its firent souffler les chevaux." (They made the houses whistle.)

Ask Dick Spaulding why Miss Thomas was anxious for Decoration day to arrive.

Miss P- in C French.—"Every village in France contains something interesting."
W. Beane.—"Hum."
Miss P- Wonders what "hum" means.

Miss Thomas.—"Healey you are worse than a mosquito in summertime."

Miss N-son.—"Everything that is abstract is feminine."

Henry F-g, so pretty and sweet,
Is noted for his very small feet,
But all for this he is very petite,
As he may be known by the name of "Buckwheat."

Miss Staf-d in Virgil sight translation.—"What is ivy (aevi)."

Purdy in English.—"They wounded him temporarily."

On one of the up-to-date shoe repairing stores on West street may be seen the following sign: "Best Leather Used." instead of, "We Use the Best Leather." Wonder why they used **all** of the best leather.

Who says Capt. Elworth wasn't there at the base-ball fair. A-hum Jeff.

Mr. T-as in A English.—"Miss McG-, sing if out as if you were calling the cows down home."

The latest. Miss S-th of Room 3 is a strong suffragette.

On a recent Killington trip some one copped Eaton's box of chocolates and while viewing them suspiciously asked, "Is this candy worth Eaton (eatin')?"
Who was E-ton trying to talk "motorcycle" to on way home from Mt. (?)?

Would Ill-inois Vermont to see the balloon Mary-land in New York with Del-aware of the fact.

If California still owes United State $10,000, how much does Ohi-o?

And where has Ore-gon with her U. S. debt?

If Connecti-cut off some of New Hampshire for Massachusetts, would Tenne-see the unlawful deed in time to prevent trouble?

As an excellent imitation of a cat fight, you should see the production of the witch scene of Macbeth as rendered by Misses Thomas, Fairfield and Pratt.

Foyles (in chem.) "Platinum is found in California. It is found in the ground."
Voice (in undertone.) "I thought it grew on bushes."

Ask Prof. Th-as if "Larna Doone" was written in those good old prohibition days.

Miss R. to Sch-itt.—"What is a ballad?"
Sch-itt.—"A supernatural poem."

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Miss Nel-on in Virgil.—"What is the meaning of cis (kiss)?"
Perhaps she wants it explained (?)

(?) H. S. H. (?)

Miss But-on.—"The bell has rang."
But the Prof. says to wait.
Out of the window fellows, it's 3 o'clock.

Miss R to McIn-.—"What is the meaning of a ghostly tale?"
"Tidy" McI- who is always pumping geom. during English.—"A-a-a terrible white tale (tail?)."

Miss P in English History.—"What war was going on at this time?"
Jo-es.—"King Annes War."

L-n.—Straw hat—Girl?

Exchanges

As this is the last issue, the **Oread** most cordially thanks the exchanges which have come so regularly during the past year and hopes to see them again in the Fall. The new exchanges which have been added to the list since September are printed below.

"Blue and Gray," Gilman Country School, Roland Park, M. D.; "Odessaite," Odessa, Wash.; "Odyssey," Lansingburg H. S. N Troy, N. Y.; "Red and Black," Claremont, N. H.; "Yahara," Stoughton, Wisc.; "Lemon and Black," Front Royal, Va., "Round Up," Great Falls, Mont.; "Olympus," Olympia, Wash.; "Bostonian," Boston, Mass.; "High School Recorder," Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; "Daleville Leader," Daleville, Va.; "Columbia Collegian," Milton, Oregon; "Said and Done," Muskegon, Mich.; "Racquet," Portland, Me.; "Bayonet," St. Augustine, Fla.; "Orange Plats," Orange, Mass.; "Megaphone," Davenport, Wash.; "Tatler," Huntington, W. Va.; "Argonant," Mansfield, Mass.; "Amygdaloid," Houghton, Mich.; "Coburn Clarion," Waterville, Me.; "Peters High School Index," Southboro, Mass.; "Archon," South Byfield, Mass.; "Hall Boy," Nazareth, Pa.

Teacher.—"Wise men hesitate, fools are certain.
Pupil.—"Are you sure."
Teacher.—"I am certain."—Ex.

There was a young lady at Vassar,
Who went up to a teacher to Sassar;
Next year she came back,
Much wiser alack!
For nary a teacher would Passar.—Ex.

Teacher:—"Define kiss."
She (blushing):—"A noun, both common and proper, and seldom declined."—Ex.

Little drops of water poured into the milk give the milkman's daughter lovely gowns of silk.—Ex.

Prof.—"What verse in the Bible best describes a college student."
Student:—"They toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.—Ex.

Johnny—"I ain't got no syrup."
Father—"Correct your brother, Willie."
Willie (peering at Johnny's plate)—"You is."—Ex.

Mary had a little hat
No bigger than a stopper,
Mary soon got rid of that,
Her present one's a whopper.—Ex.

Willie—"Do you wash your eyes out every morning, papa?"
Father—"Yes, why?"
Willie—"How do you get them in again?" Ex.

Little chicken
On the lea;
Honk! Honk!
Fricassee! —Ex.

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Mike:—"Hebrew icecream comes in 'cohns.'"
Ike:—"Yes, and Irish ice cream comes in bricks."—Amherst Clover leaf.

Teacher—"Johnny, use the word 'debate' in a sentence."
Johnny—"When I goes fishing I spits on de bait." —Ex.

A young theologian named Fiddle,
Refused to accept his degree;
"For" said he, "'Tis enough to be Fiddle,
Without being Fiddle, D. D."—Ex.

Fresh—"How do you feel, Johnny?"
Soph.—"Like the bottom of a stove."
Fresh.—"How's that?"
Soph.—"Grate." —Ex.

Freshman—"May I go out and play now, Ma?"
Mother—"What, with those holes in your trousers?"
Freshman—"No, with the fellows on the street." —Ex.

"O'Brien, Oi never was so sick in me life as Oi was last night."
"What ailed you?" asked O'Brien.
"Oi was eating some potato salad and Oi swallowed a little potato-bug. Oi ran into the kitchen and took a dose of Paris green, but do you know, O'Brien, that young bug nearly kilt me."—Ex.

New Separator.

Two countrymen (watching boy and girl playing tennis): "Well, I declare, Hiram, they keep them separated nowadays with a net."

Teacher—"How was iron discovered,"
Willie—"I heard Pa say they smelt it."
Ex.

Customer (to waiter)—"What have you to-day?"
Waiter—"Calves brains, pigs feet, lamb's liver and beef heart."
Customer—"Oh, I don't want to know of your physical troubles, what have you to eat?" Ex.

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The Oread



Published by the Rutland High School, Rutland, Vt.
October, 1913

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HOTEL BARDWELL

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The Oread

VOL. VII. OCTOBER, 1913. No. 10

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Editorials

The so-called "Ragging" of which very little was known even as short a time as a year ago, has been of late growing very rapidly in popularity. We rarely pick up a paper now, but what we find some condemnation, either by editor or citizen, of it. This "Ragging" which has been termed—and perhaps in some cases justifiably, "animal contortions," is now forbidden by the city as well as the school authorities. Now there is always a second side to all arguments. It has been shown that these figures can be danced with moderation, but there are always a few exceptional cases. It is the latter which must be dealt with, and therefore they have been forbidden. The "Boston" and the "Castle Walk," two very pretty figures, are perfectly proper and should not be classed as "Raggs."

Rutland High School should be proud of her members this year. They are showing that they are working for the good of the school. Instead of, in this editorial, criticizing the lack of school spirit and support, as is usually the case, we want to commend it, and tell you how much you are helping your school. In past years it has never been possible, try as we would, to get two teams out in any athletics. This year the boys have turned out splendidly for football, enabling us to have enough for necessary scrimmage every afternoon. You've started the year well, now why not finish in the same way when hockey and baseball seasons come.

A very enjoyable evening was spent in the Assembly Hall on October 3, when the Freshmen were received and entertained by the members of the faculty and the three upper classes. The annual Freshman Reception is usually the opening of the social functions of the school year, and this one was certainly a very good beginning. The entering class was first received by a committee which consisted of: Professor Thomas, representing the faculty, Ellery Purdy and Charlotte Smith, president and vice-president respectively of the Seniors, Hilarion Dawson and Hether Smith of the Junior, and Katherine Aldrich of the Sophomore class, after which dancing was enjoyed until 10:30.

George Schmitt

To me the death of the young has always seemed a very sad thing, largely, I think, because they had been cut off so soon from their opportunity in life, had been taken away before they had a chance to realize their dreams; and though I am aware that this is too narrow a view of life, because no mortal can say when a death is premature, yet I have never been able to shake off the feeling of heavy sadness that comes upon me when the young die.

Of all the cases of early death that have come into my experience, none has seemed to me sadder than that of George Schmitt of the class of 1911, cut off in the very promise of young manhood, a sacrifice to that unfeeling and morbid curiosity that demands sensation even at the cost of human life. To the apparent needlessness of his death was added the benumbing suddenness and unexpectedness of it. "Schmitt has fallen," flew the black rumor at the close of that bright September day, and our hearts stood still at the fear of it. "Is he badly hurt," "Will he recover?" were the questions that passed from lip to lip as we waited in the growing darkness, now in hope, now in despair, and when we might no longer hope our hearts were broken within us.

But he died well, didn't he? Think of it! Caught in the air with an unmanageable machine, he thought not once of himself, but only of bringing safe to the earth him for whose life he felt responsible. "He saved others, himself he could not save." And in the few hours of consciousness that remained after his poor broken body had been picked up no word except of kindness escaped his lips. He had lived like a man and, in his death, he did not shame his manhood.

Schmitt was just entering his second year in high school when I first became acquainted with him and by the time he had completed his junior year I knew him very well. His height and strength made him a conspicuous figure amongst us and his winning ways endeared him to all. Perhaps only we who got a little nearer to him knew well the kindness of his eyes and the quaint, winsome smile that lurked about the corners of his mouth. Cheerful, gentle, strong, brave, and unselfish, as only the brave are, he has left to us a memory of all that is good in deed and word, and bright and hopeful in promise. With this memory fresh in our minds we may well pray in Stevenson's words: "Give us (too) the strength to encounter that which is to come, that we be brave in peril, loyal and loving, one to another, in all changes of fortune, and that we may come at last, to our rest, undishonoured."

ISAAC THOMAS.

The Lost City

[The first part of this story appeared in the May issue. Owing to the amount of class material, which it was necessary to put in the June number, we were obliged to postpone the appearance of the second part until this issue.]

Synopsis of the preceding instalment.

Two aviators, looking for adventure, ran across a German in Brazil, from whom they gained valuable information about a lost city, some three hundred miles inland. It was supposed to be inaccessible except, perhaps, by air. They were shown some very valuable blue diamonds which had come from the lost city. Immediately they set out in search of it. On the way the aeroplane was wrecked by a wind storm and the aviators found themselves in a strange land. They were thought to be Gods by the natives, who were encouraged in this idea by tricks of ventriloquism. Finally, the people's suspicions were aroused by some jealchiefs. The aviators were saved for the time being only by the quick wit of Jimmy Green, one of the natives, who made a crude speech while they were all gathered around a gold statue of Neptune in one of the temples. During the speech the aviators were trying to think of some expedient when Bill cried, "Jack, what is the date?"

"The date," replied Jack. "The third, I believe, tho what——"

"Never mind that. Listen a minute. I think I read in one of those papers at Lima that there would be an eclipse of the sun on the third. I may be wrong, but never mind. It is our only chance. When Jimmie gets thru, stand up and tell them as how we are going to dowse the sun for a while this afternoon, as a sign of our power. Tell them anything you will, as long as you make it strong enough. Tell them that the event will come off about three. That will give us three hours, anyhow. If there really is an eclipse—well, we will be able to do just about as we please forever after."

Jack was a new man in a minute, By the time Jimmie Green was thru, he was at his best. He rose to his feet, slow and majestically, like the king that he was.

And what a speech he made. Told those old chiefs as how the sun was our brother, he did. Said it was going to disappear for awhile that afternoon, out of respect to us. Oh, he made the best of his opportunity, you may be sure. He knew the natives' language like his own—and even at that he had to make up a few new words for the occasion.

All the time Jack was speechifying I was watching Crosseye. The old reprobate's face was worth the study, too. He was a smart one, I must admit that. He had guessed that we were at our wits' ends. He knew that we were only prophesying an eclipse as a last desperate resource. He thought he had us in a trap! Of course he did not believe for a moment that the sun really would disappear—no more than we believed that their old idol had the power to kill. When the sun failed to do as we had prophesied, we would be completely discredited. He would have us at his mercy, and the grim joy that showed in his face at the thought of it was enough to send the cold shivers up my back.

The next three hours that we spent in that temple, waiting for the eclipse, were the most trying I have ever been thru. My nerves have never been the same since: that is why I had to give up the flying game. As soon as Jack had finished his speech, Old Crosseye, hypocrite that he was, had risen up and said his little say, He told everyone how grateful they ought to be for the chance they were going to have to see a miracle. Then, lest they should miss any of the show, he told them all to stay right where they were till the performance should be over. He was going to make sure that we would have no chance to escape him. And there they stayed, priests, chiefs, and soldiers, like watchdogs, resolved that we should either live up to our agreement or not live at all. Oh, it was a pleasant situation, you may be sure. No wonder Jimmie Green looked worried.

To make matters worse, after half past two, the sun shone in thru the round opening in the dome of the temple. Not a cloud was in the sky. At a quarter to three the sun was as bright as ever—brighter, it seemed to us.

"Confound it," said Jack, "I never saw a healthier looking sun in my life. Plumb indecent, I call it. It might at least hide its blooming head behind a cloud."

At first the crowd of soldiers had been quiet. As the time for the eclipse approached, however, they became restless. Their sullen murmurs came to us like the rumbling of an earthquake. I began to wonder what they would sound like when they were tearing us to pieces.

All at once the soldiers became quiet. The sudden silence was more terrifying than their clamor. Then they broke out anew, louder than ever. And now I saw the reason. There was a spot on the sun, and the spot was growing bigger! It was the eclipse. We were saved.

As soon as he was able to make his way thru the jam of terrified priests and chiefs, Jimmie Green came to me.

"Now is your time," he said. "The plot is deeper than I thought. Crosseye has stationed men all along the line of our retreat. His men are demoralized now, but if he can get among

them he will be able to rally them soon. His power is marvelous. He has dug up some old prophecy and made it apply to you. He says either you must be killed, or the whole nation will perish. Come now, under the cover of darkness. My men will stand by you till the last. Our tribe has always been hostile to the others, anyhow."

From what I had seen, I was inclined to believe Jimmie. I called to Jack. No one answered. Again I called, and still no answer. It was pitch dark now in the temple, and I could not see for more than a yard about me—the eclipse was complete. A minute before Jack had been standing near me, beside the foot of the huge trident which the statue of Neptune held in its hand. Now he seemed to have disappeared.

I called a third time. As tho in answer to my shout, an unearthly shriek rang out thru the temple. The sound was enough to freeze the blood in my veins. Echoing from the walls of the temple, it seemed to increase in volume every second. But the sound alone was not the worst of it. It was the direction the sound came from that terrified. The shriek had come from the direction of the statue's head!

The echoes of that unearthly cry had not died down, when I heard a dull thud at my feet. Holding a lighted match in my trembling fingers, I bent over the fallen object. It was Crosseye, with a dagger in his side! A mocking laugh came from the head of the god.

Do you wonder my nerves have failed me? And think of Jimmie Green, who believed implicitly in the power of the god. The poor fellow clung to me like a child afraid of the dark. And there we stood in the strange darkness, with Crosseye's death cry still ringing in our ears.

"Where are you, Bill," cried a voice. It was Jack.

"Here," I faltered.

"What's this," exclaimed Jack, as he stumbled over the corpse. "Crosseye, eh," he muttered, as he examined it. "I'll teach him to interfere with me. Bill, I've got what we came after. And what do you suppose it is? The eye of the statue. That is where they hid their treasure in olden times. The German archaeologist I saw told me about it. It is made of lead, I think, for altho it is only about as large as a cocoanut, it is mighty heavy."

"As soon as it was dark, I started to climb up the trident the god holds in his hand. Crosseye must have been watching me closer than I thought. He followed me, and tried to throw me to the ground. But I fixed him. He made a most unearthly fuss about dying, tho. I'll teach him to come sneaking after me, I will. I got what I was after in spite of them all.

"Come, let us get out of here. As soon as the people learn what I have done, they will tear us to pieces, eclipse or no eclipse. Jimmie, will you and your men stand by us?"

"My people are enemies of the rest," Jimmie replied. He was calm, now that he knew the cause of the cry. "We will stick to you till the last."

"Thanks, Jimmie. I knew we could depend on you. But come, let us get out of here before it becomes light."

But we had delayed too long. Crosseye had planned better than we thought. The court yard, and a mile or more along the road leading to the temple was as light as day with glaring torches. And back of the torches we could see the bowmen drawn up. We had to run the gauntlet of fire!

How we broke thru that corral of men, I will never know. Jimmie Green and his men must have fought like demons. And they had to cut their way clear without help from us, for we did not dare use our guns in such close quarters.

At last we broke thru. But Jimmie Green's original band of 100 was reduced to 65. And the fight had just begun. It was light now, and they could see to follow us.

You have heard of the retreat from Moscow, where the Cossacks hovered on the rear of the French, and cut them off like sheep. You have heard of the retreat from Lexington, where the

British were shot at from behind every fence and tree. Well, our retreat from that temple was worse than anything you can imagine after reading of these, only, of course, there were not as many men engaged. Every step of the way from the temple to Jimmie Green's city was marked with our blood. True our loss was not as great as in those first few minutes of hand to hand fighting, for once in the open Jack and I were able to keep the bowmen at a distance with our guns. But our ammunition was running low. Every now and then one of them would creep up and take a pot shot at us. And they were devilishly accurate.

When we were within two miles of the village, Jack got an arrow in the arm. That made him mad.

"Curse them," he tried, "plumb ungrateful I call it. Shooting us with the arms we gave them. Oh, for a machine gun to mow them down with."

I did not feel sorry for Jack. His wound was not serious, and it served him right for leading us into the mess, anyhow. But a little later they got Jimmie Green. An arrow thru the eye put him out of misery at once. Poor Jimmie Green, that stood by his friends till the last. He was a good man, was Jimmie. I always felt bad for having been the cause of his death. His body we carried with us to his own village, lest those bloody fiends, that had killed him, should get it.

By night we reached the village, where, with our reinforcements, we were safe for a time, at least. Our original band of 100 was now but 31. With those who had remained in the village, we were about 150.

Leaving the people gathered around their dead chief, Jack and I made for our hut, to count our dearly bought spoils. We did not care to have even friendly natives see us with that eye.

While I stood on guard at the door, Jack cracked open the eye with the butt of his gun. Kneeling beside it, he ran his fingers thru the contents. In the semi-darkness, I could see little points of light, like the reflection from a pile of diamonds. In fact that is what I thought they were.

Leaving my post I walked over towards Jack. Then a strange thing happened. Like fire slowly eating into paper, the points of light began to move over Jack's hands. From his hands they spread to his wrist; next they were on his fore-arm; then they were at his elbow. Jack was fighting them back now, desperately, while I stood watching him, paralyzed with amazement.

At first I believe Jack felt no pain. He did not show it at any rate. But when the fire reached his shoulder he cried out. Then in a second, almost, the pain caused him to sink to the ground exhausted. Rushing to his side, I tried to raise him.

"Bill," he said, in a shaky voice, "it is no use. I am done for. The stuff is stronger than I thought. Bill, the god has revenged himself and his people. He is killing me with the loot I took from his temple. What is the stuff? I don't know. The German said it would be radium, but it is not. It is stronger a hundred times than radium. We could be kings of the earth, Bill, if only I had not broken the protecting case of lead. As long as it was shut up in that it was harmless, but now—don't touch it for your life. Can't you see what it is doing to me?"

"How did the stuff happen to be here? Bill, haven't you guessed? Bill, this is the last remnant of the once all powerful Atlantis! When the flood which was to destroy the mother city came, a great part of the chief men fled to these mountains, where they would be safe. With them they brought their two greatest treasures; the statue of the god Neptune and this stuff, whatever it is. I can't tell you much more. The stuff has got me, and it kills quick. I know that their civilization was as great, if not greater, than our own. The German told me all about it, tho I did not believe him at the time.

"But the pass, Bill. The pass we were to escape by together. It is just north of where

our aeroplane was wrecked. Go before they get you. Show Jimmie Green's people the way, too. The others will kill them for their part in this business if you do not." The fire was at his throat now, and every breath cost an effort. But he was game to the last. He grasped my hand. "Good-by, Bill. I hope you get out safe. So the god has power to kill after all. It cost us dear to find it out tho. But we had a deuced fine run for our money." He gasped. Then with a smile, "Good by, Bill." And so he died.

That night I and the people of the village went out by the pass. How I reached civilization I do not know. They say they took me, raging with fever, from a band of Indians. They laid my strange story to the ravings of fever. They would not believe me. By the time I was well, the Indians had disappeared. I had no proof. And so it must rest, a story till I can find some proof of it.

Will I ever go back there? Do I think there are any of Jimmie Green's men living now? I do not know. Stranger things might happen.

G. J. M., '14.

How Jack Wayne Received an Introduction

CHAPTER I.

One afternoon, after school, four boys, the best of friends, were gathered in the room of one of their number, Dick Grey. They were Jack and Bobby Wayne, James Arterburn and Dick Grey, who were known thru out Clifford High School as the "Inseparable Four." It was their custom to go to the room of one of them every afternoon after school, to study. Before settling down to work they talked over what had happened that day. This time it was harder than ever to get down to work, for Bobby Wayne had seen the two Merideth girls, who were causing so much excitement among the boys. None of the others had seen them, so Bobby was compelled to give descriptions of them, the best he could compose.

"Believe me, fellows, you want to see them. Say, they sure are some class. The oldest one, (for no one knew their first names yet) has dark eyes and hair, and the other one has brown hair and great big eyes, and they're awful pretty—I don't know which is the prettiest." In his excitement Bobby had forgotten all the time and trouble that his English teacher had taken with him, to get him so he would stop when he came to a period.

"Hey, Bob, that's all right. Go on with the rest. We don't care which of her eyes was the prettiest!"

"I didn't say anything about which of her eyes was the prettiest. I said I didn't know which of the girls was the prettiest."

"Well, all right, go on."

And he went on with his description. He was right, the Merideth girls were pretty, that was no mistake.

Loraine (for such was the younger one's name) was of medium height and just about the right size. Her fluffy brown hair, of which she had a great deal, was always giving her trouble by persisting to hang around her face in the sweetest little ringlets and to annoy her by never staying in place. Her eyes were large brown ones, overhung by long, dark lashes. Her nose was another of her "troubles," for it turned up just enough to be cute, tho' her brother Carleton quite often informed her it was a perfect "hook." Her clothes, which were pretty, tho simple, fitted her to perfection and were always in style.

Genevra, the older, was, in a way, just the opposite to her sister. She was tall and quite slight. Her hair and eyes were almost black. Her nose and mouth were very different from Loraine's and yet reminded one of her. Her clothes, like her sister's, were simple and pretty for her mother had no belief in showy things for young girls. Yet, tho almost totally different from one another, it was impossible to look at one without immediately thinking of the other.

No wonder was it that Bobby Wayne became so excited over describing the girls, that all his thots ran in together and no one knew what he meant, except himself.

As this animated conversation was going on, Bobby happened to glance out the window, and there saw, coming up the street, the objects of his thots. There was a wild scramble to the window, after which each boy stood as tho glued to the spot, while the unconscious victims of their eyes were passing by. When they had passed out of sight each solemnly declared that all that Bobby had said, was true—they surely were prettly girls.

As they sat there looking from one to another the silence was broken by Jack Wayne. "Say fellows, I'll tell you what we'll do. Let's see who can get the first introduction to those girls, but, mind you, no rash proceedings."

Some of the readers may wonder why they didn't ask one of the girls to introduce them, but that was just the trouble, none of the girls knew them.

They all promised and then turned to their books, but only to try to think out a way in which they might get an introduction to the new comers.

CHAPTER II.

A week passed and tho each had tried hard, none had received the coveted introduction. At last Jack Wayne, who certainly had an attack of "love-at-first-sight" because of Loraine, became desperate. He saw her, in his mind, pass up and down that street five and six times a day. His studies were unlearned, and the other three of the "Inseparable Four" solemnly shook their heads, for they alone knew what was the trouble with him.

One day, in desperation, he started out for a walk, thinking that perhaps he might come across a way to get the introduction. As he was going down one of the busiest streets, he was attracted by a girl, who was quite a ways ahead of him. Trotting along by her side was a very tiny dog of some unheard of species, led by a leash. Suddenly the little fellow espied a cat on the other side of the street and thot he would like a better view of it, so, giving a quick jerk, he pulled the leash out of his mistress's hand and started across the street. As he got in the middle of the street a car came, and scared him so that he turned and started toward his mistress, but an auto came along just then, cutting off his retreat, frightening the little dog so that he did not know what to do. And if just at this moment Jack hadn't rushed and grabbed him, he certainly would have been hurt—(sausage). It was a dangerous thing to do but Jack had seen what might result from it.

He slowly made his way towards the girl, who proved to be Loraine Merideth and handed her a badly frightened little doggy. She hardly knew how to thank him and ended in saying that she'd like to have him meet her father and mother, for she knew they would be delighted to meet the rescuer of Ajax (for such proved to be his name).

As Jack happened to be going her way he stopped in and then and there received introductions to the whole family, including two more dogs like Ajax, namely Bjax and Cjax.

After a while Jack Wayne thot he had enough praising for one day and he reluctantly made his adieu.

When he reached his room he was in the best of spirits. He had hardly arrived there when the other members of the "Inseparable Four," who had been neglected for nearly four days, came in. Seeing that he was over his melancholy mood, they demanded what had happened. So he related his adventures from beginning to end, not leaving out a single detail of what had occurred.

When he finished Bobby Wayne said, "Well say, you didn't get an introduction to Loraine!"

Jack gave him a crushing look and said, "I'm going down there to supper to-morrow night" and fell to arranging his necktie. The others looked from one to another and each, in succession, sighed.

Well, I'm sure you all know that things went along very smoothly from that time on.

One evening, about a year afterwards, when Jack was spending the evening with Loraine, he approached the old, old story and received an answer that made him the very happiest young man in this whole, wide world.

C. A. C., '15.

What and Where Among the Alumni

The following of the class of '13 have entered colleges or universities this fall:

Robert Boynton, Ralph Carpenter, Leon Dutton, Ned Foyles, Allen Locke and Richard Spaulding, Dartmouth; Doris Tuttle, Smith; Irene Adams, Oberlin; Chester Bentley, Edward Dawson, Wayne Davis, Newman Miner, Frank Burke, Norwich; Lois Cassidy, Wellesley; Marie Chandler, Bryn Mawr; Vera Fish, Skidmore School of Arts, Saratoga, N. Y.; Gladys Frost, Middlebury; Leland Gardner, Cleon Perkins, Worcester Polytechnic; Anton Howard, Amherst; Homer Purdy, University of Pennsylvania; John Reynolds, U. V. M.; Margery Smith, Burlett's School of Languages, N. Y.; Dorothy Stafford, Boston Conservatory of Music; Russell White, Lafayette.

Marion Clifford, Patricia Coates, Jeannette Fairfield, Marion Thomas, Mary Sparks, Marion Cocklin, Raymond Shaw and Robert Grady are taking P. G.'s.

Eugenie Baker has a position with the Tuttle Co.

John Norton has taken a position with the surveying corps of the Rutland Railroad.

Ruth Pearsons is working in the Library.

John Sullivan is a mail carrier.

George Swinnerton is working with a rubber manufacturing concern in Buffalo, N. Y.

Ethel Adams, '12 went this Fall to Sargent's.

Constance Dana and Mildred Egelston, '12, entered Smith this year.

The engagement has been announced of Beulah Wilkinson, '12, and Rev. Edgar D. Brown of Utica, N. Y

Florence Butler, '11, entered Boston Conservatory this fall.

The engagement is announced of Rita Beardsley, '10, and James E. Hayward, '11.

Gail Proctor, '10, has accepted a position as drawing-teacher in the public schools at Washington, D. C.

Dorothy Temple, '10, has started a private school at her home on E. Washington St.

Marjorie Barton, '09, and Paul Coolidge of Rutland were married Sept. 18, 1913.

Marion Colvin, '09 of Boston and Leroy Nimmo of Fresno, Ca., were married in Rutland, Sept. 10, 1913. They will reside at Fresno.

Clyde Selleck, '05, West Point, '09, is occupying the position of Instructor of Chemistry at West Point this year.

The engagement is announced of Dr. Francis Quigley, '06 and Miss Mary Moore, who is a nurse for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.

Clark W. Snyder, '03, of Holden, W. Va., and Edith Tully of Connelsville, Pa., were married Sept. 17, 1913.

Athletic Notes

FOOTBALL.

The football candidates, in order that full justice might be done to the fine schedule arranged by Manager Gaynor, started practice immediately after the interclass games. Fred Platt, a former R. H. S. star and Dartmouth grad, has been engaged as head coach. He soon had the squad, numbering some thirty odd, hard at work.

Although only three men who played on last year's team returned to school this fall, Platt had built up a team in a short time which had little difficulty in winning the first game of the season from Middlebury High School, 26-0. After the first period many substitutes were sent in but all made such a good showing that it would appear that the coach will have quite a job on his hands in selecting the first team. The work of McMinn and Gilbert alone stood out above that of the others. McMinn, aided by some fine interference, led by Gilbert, made many long gains around the end and thru tackle. Gilbert added to the score by lifting a neat drop kick over the bar from the twenty-five yard line in the third period. If this game is to be taken as any criterion, Rutland High will have no need to worry over her prestige in this branch of athletics this fall.

A few days later the team went over to Proctor, accompanied by most of the school, and played a tie game with Proctor High School, the game ending with the score 12-12. Although the home team scored within a few minutes after the start, Rutland came back strong and scored twice, while Proctor added another touchdown to their score as well. Neither side was able to kick a goal following. Both teams seemed weak on the defense, long gains being made thru the line. McMinn, Gilbert and Calvi for Rutland, and Bowman for Proctor, were the particular stars of the game.

INTERCLASS SERIES.

The first of the football games between the classes, for the possession of the cup, resulted in a victory for the Sophomores over the Freshmen, 26-6. The game was more or less of a walk-over for the Sophs, although in the last period the Freshies, mainly by the use of the forward pass, crossed their opponent's goal line.

A few days later the Seniors had considerable difficulty in beating the Juniors, 12-0. It was mainly thru the efforts of Beane, Calvi, and Gilbert that they did finally come thru with a victory. In the final period Gilbert caught a punt on the Juniors' forty yard line and ran thru a broken field for a touchdown. Homer, Hascall and Proctor did some good work for the Juniors.

The results of these two games made the Sophomores very confident of winning the final contest. But it seems the Seniors had not uncovered their full strength for the game was the most one-sided of the series, the Seniors winning, 26-0. They got the jump on their opponents at the start, and after the first few minutes there was no doubt as to the final result. Gilbert and Beane again played brilliantly, and Thomas made several long runs around the right end. McMinn seemed to be the only Soph capable of putting up a fight in the face of this unlooked for turn of events.

TRACK.

Shortly after the opening of the fall term Wing was elected manager of the Track team for the coming season. Thomas had previously been chosen captain.

It was mainly thru the efforts of Wing that a successful interscholastic track meet was held at the Fair Grounds, September 1. Teams representing Brattleboro, Cambridge and Rutland High Schools and Troy Conference Academy competed. The meet was won by Brattleboro High School, Rutland being second and T. C. A. and Cambridge following in the order named. Considering the fact that this was Rutland High's first attempt in this department of athletics, they made a very creditable showing which assures a team the coming year and a greater interest in the sport.

A good step in this direction would seem to be the continuation of the cross-country runs which were inaugurated last year. These runs not only help those who aspire to athletic honors, but they give enjoyment to a number who go in for the pure sport of it alone. Yet it is doubtful if it is a good idea to follow the unprecedented custom adopted last year of giving a school letter, even though qualified, to the winners of places in what proved to be an individual race. At least it rather stirred up the football men of last year to see some fellows gain in one night's run, and that against no other school, what it had taken them two months of hard practice and playing to acquire, namely, the school letter. Why not make this an interclass event, as long as there are no schools in this vicinity to compete against, and award place winners their class numerals?

Locals

Fish in M. & M. History—"Well, it takes 24 hours for the sun to go around the earth."

M—y in M. & M. History—"At the end of each year there is a little left over, and at the close of 4 years, we add these leavings and get an extra day."

Mo—e in M. & M. History—"The moon goes around the earth, and ——"

Miss S. in Chem.—"Wing, what is water composed of?"

Wing, looking desperate—"Vapor and water."

Our deepest sympathy for little Geo. Jo-es. Just think, he falls to sleep when he **tries** to study.

Miss Stores, (pumping for definition of velocity)—"If a horse went two miles per hour, what would you call it?"

Stage whisper from rear—"A mighty slow plug."

HEARD IN GERMAN II.

Miss G.—"What do you want?"

Children, (who have a bad habit of talking) —"You!"

It was rather startling until we learned that Miss G. was asking for the subject of "want."

L—man translating German—"So shall also the eggs become cooked."

G. J—nes in French—"Nous avons été au marché ce matin. We have been for a march this morning."

A FEW FROM THE T. T. CLASS.

Bonbons for sale by Miss Wilkins. Shop open from 9 to 12 A. M. and from 3 to 4 P. M.

The Training Class Clown! Have you seen her?

A certain member of the T. T. Class wishes to know if the 15th century is the present time.

We were informed the other day that when Miss G— goes to Asia she intends to visit France while there.

The "teachers" are some hustlers when copying history notes. For information ask A. W.

Sewing lessons given from 9.30 to 11.00 A. M. by Miss Wh—.

Listen, one of Miss L—s descendants came over in the Mayflower.

R. B. wants to know if Spain has any possessions in U. S. A. Will one kind person inform her.

Miss B— to Miss G—.—"Please move the world." Some strong, eh?

Will one kind Freshman, of the abbreviated period type, kindly tell A— W— in what season of the year May comes in?

She says it comes in the Fall.

Oh, zingo. Freshmen, them 'teachers' "don't know beans," do they.

Stop! Have you heard about him? Mike M—, the animal. He's alive, and he crawls on the floor regularly at 11:00 A. M.

"Do—you—want—to—buy—a—solid—geometry?"

Some bright chem class that, of first period P. M.

Mike M—, the national slugger in football—"I'll knock your bean off."

The poor slugged one—"You won't do it the second time."

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Shrine Theatre, November 28, 1913

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Seats, 50 Cents, 75 Cents, $1.00, $1.50

DANCE TO FOLLOW

Members of the school are strongly urged to patronize the advertisers in "The Oread" as far as possible.

F—sh in M. and M. History—"They held mass meetings at certain times of the year; that is on Sundays."

Did you know it? Know what? Oh, that Sundays come in certain times of the year.

M. P. was asked, "Are you going to the Freshman Reception?"

M. P.—"Yes, but don't tell anyone. ——— is going to take me, but he hasn't asked me yet."

Miss G—, Trying to help W—son out in translation "Die Lampen waren an gezundet." "Well what would you expect of the lights?"

Wilson—"The lights were lit?"

Miss G—.—"Yes, certainly!"

'Hod' Smith—"Well, you never can tell."

Miss P— in American History—"What was the condition of the English prisons in Oglethorpe's time?"

F—ster—"They were very dissipated for the times."

Miss P— in Am. His.—"Who were the F. F. V.'s?"

W—lson—"First Farmers of Vermont."

Miss R— in B. Eng.—"Why did Bassanio borrow money from Antonio?"

Daw—"Because he didn't have enough to press his suit." Poor cuss.

Why do so many men coming off from Evelyn street walk so unevenly?

Because they all must read the large sign, 'Dodge the Printer.' And some are dodging him yet.

Miss S. in Chem.—"Landon, you want to use better English in your chemistry book. Instead of saying, 'Potassium, two grains of it were used,' say, 'two grains of Potassium **was** used.'"

Miss Cool—"What is a seed?"

Miss D—vy—"A seed is a fertilized egg shell."

Miss M— in B. French—"Why does he pick the bag up?"

Mc G—y, French Star—"He thinks there is water in it."

From Freshman theme: "She was a croquette and had many suitors."

Miss M— cheerfully to Room 1 French class —"Savez-vous beans?" They do not.

Is borrowing without owner's knowledge wrong? Inquire of the C English Class of Room 1.

Miss B— in C. English—"What is the feature of the blue-bird?"

Miss P—.—"It looks blue."

But some of this bright class still think a white black-bird colorless.

Dr. M. Pierce has opened her beauty parlor in Room 1 on Monday only. Hours from first to fifth period.

Ask A. Mc— of Room 1 what happened while she was making a dimple?

Wonder who mail carrier of Room 1 is?

R. D— in A. English—"Alone I stood, with Florian cursing cerial (Cyril)."

Norton in Biology—"Where do they get the seeds with which to plant seedlers?

E. Fay— in A English—"While Adam deviled (delved)."

According to the news that each football "man" gives there will be **24** playing regularly on the big team.

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Heard in Chem.—"A fellow would spoil a $6.50 suit doing these old experiments." You'd better stay in when it rains with them clothes, boy.

One boob of the C Class said—"A villain is a person who does amusing things." Its mighty queer what is entertaining to some people, eh?

We do hope that the Class of 1915 will continue with their political history as well as they started it.

Have you seen his new "apron"? Whose apron? Calvie's.

Listen! Did you know that George Washington crossed the Allegheny mountains in a flying boat? No? Well, Wade says so.

Miss S— in Chem—"If ice formed first in the bottom of a pond, how would that effect ——"

Voice in rear as usual—"Skating."

Miss S— in Chem—What happened when Chlorine was burned, Miner?"

Mike M—, the plow animal whose mind was wandering to Proctor—"Yes."

Exchanges

Very few exchanges have been received this fall but it is hoped that by the next issue of the Oread all of our old and many new ones will be on our list.

They say that the people on the street where Mr. Burroughs lives are fencing in their trees.

You don't say—what is the matter now?

Why, the trees are leaving.—Ex.

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